

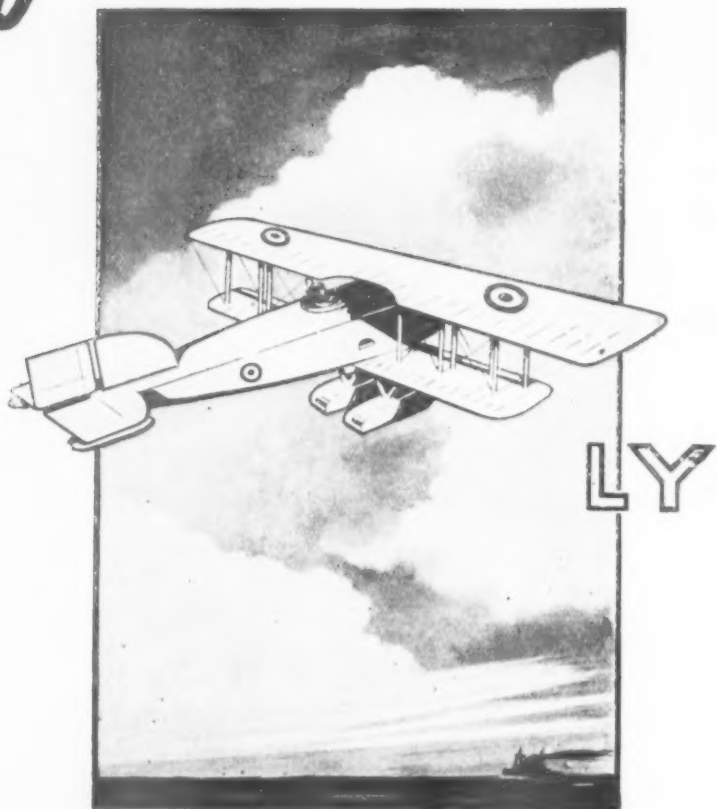
The QUIVER

HOLIDAY STORIES
AND ARTICLES

AUGUST
1917

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the benefits of
BEECHAM'S PILLS.

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A great deal of Shaving Comfort is packed in this very small outfit.

Next to the paramount fact that the "Valet" AutoStrop Safety Razor is the only razor that strops itself automatically comes the point of its neatness, compactness, and the fine workmanship and finish of the whole outfit.

"VALET" AutoStrop Safety Razor

Each Standard Set, in either nickel-plated or leather-covered case, velvet and satin lined, measures $2 \times 4\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and contains a New Model "B" adjustable self-stropping "Valet" Razor, heavily silver plated, superfine quality "Valet" strop and 11 extra blades. You have only to slip the razor on the strop, pass it to and fro, and in 10 seconds you have a new keen edge on the blade. Each blade with care should last several months. The price of the Standard Set is 21/-. and there are more expensive Sets fitted with soap, brush, mirror, etc.

Any "Valet" AutoStrop Set forms an ideal present to a soldier or sailor friend. It can be given with the knowledge that the user will not find himself stranded out of reach of shops with his blades all dulled and no means of re-sharpening.

Of all high-class dealers throughout the world.

The word 'Valet' on Razors, Stropps and Blades indicates the genuine product of the AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

THE AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., LTD., 61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. 1.

And also at New York, Paris, Milan, Sydney, Dublin, Toronto, &c.

SELL YOUR WASTE PAPER

TO
PHILLIPS, MILLS & CO.,

Ltd.,

Battersea, S.W.11.

Price List free on application. Telephone: 2270 Battersea (4 lines).

Allinson

WHOLEMEAL **Bread**

for Health and Economy.

On Sale Everywhere.

None genuine without the band.



HAVE YOU A DOG?

Then by means of the "QUIK" DOG POWDERS you can always keep him in the pink of condition, healthy, hearty, full of life, free from all Skin Diseases and other complaints, and also from the most objectionable troubles due to the presence of WORMS. Use these Powders with the utmost confidence; they are prepared from the recipe of one of the best-known and most successful Dog Breeders in the World. **Net post free 1/2**, from **F. H. PROSSER & CO. Ltd., Veterinary Chemists, Spring Hill, BIRMINGHAM**, or through any Chemist, Corn Dealer, or Store.



Footprints

The supply of "Dri-ped" available to the public is greatly restricted—especially of the heavier weights—the Government requiring the major portion of our future output. We invite your kind indulgence until the time when normal conditions can be resumed.

Being
a series
of
LITTLE TALKS
While you
WAIT

THE BOOTS OF BILL

There's a fellow in our platoon called Bill—the most solemn-like swaddie in the 'ole expeditionary force. Even when we let the Tanks out 'e 'ardly gives a glimmer of a smile. 'Owever, a month ago we saw'd 'im coming from the quartermaster's store with something in his hands and 'e whistling.

"Good 'eavens," I sez, sez I, "Bill's been took," and George (e's my pal) sez, "Ay"—Well, when 'e got near we saw it was boots, and it fair worried us to see 'ow boots could have turned Bill from a miserable ole man into a regular cock sparrow.

"Boots," he yelled, and 'e might 'ave just 'ad four days' leave given him by the tone of it.

"Well, wot of it? We's got boots," sez I, discouragingly.

"But look!—purple diamonds!" sez 'e, pointing to the soles.

Me and George shook our 'eads sadly and George muttered "Penny bloods." Then I grabbed one and weighed it up, and what I 'ad when I worked at 'Enshaw's. Well, George and I started to bid for these boots—offered pretty nearly everything in our kits and some things as wasn't—but there was nothing doing. Bill stuck to his Dri-ped boots, and now 'e's got dry feet for regular, and comfort—like s me, you'd think he was on a bloomin' Sunday-school picnic 'e's that cheerful. Any'ow, me for a pair when I get back.

And because George and Bill and hundreds of other Tommies are enjoying the luxury of dry and comfortable feet through "Dri-ped"—the super-leather for soles—the folks at home will have to wait a little while in some cases for their repairs. They will do this cheerfully—for Tommy deserves the best—and in Dri-ped he gets it.



Without this Trade Mark in Purple, the leather is a substitute.

DRI-PED

THE SUPER-LEATHER FOR SOLES

Write for free descriptive booklet "About the Diamond Sign of Double Wear."

William Walker & Sons, Limited, "Dri-ped" Advertising Dept., County Buildings, Cannon Street, Manchester.

Player's NAVY CUT Tobacco.

GOLD LEAF } 9^{D.}
MEDIUM } PER OZ.
TAWNY }

"WHITE LABEL" 8^{D.} PER OZ.

Also

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT DE LUXE
1/10 per 2 oz. Tin.

This Tobacco is also supplied at DUTY FREE
RATES for the purpose of gratuitous distribution
to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital.

Terms and particulars on application to

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

P.684 Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd.



STAFF OFFICER
about 1800.

BLUSHING

*Remarkable discovery that will interest
every man and woman suffering from
involuntary Blushing.*

EFFECTIVE TREATMENT THAT PERMANENTLY REMOVES

THE CAUSE.

Men and women who suffer from involuntary blushing need no longer despair. Out of a mass of failures has come a genuine success. Their self-consciousness can be so thoroughly removed, that they themselves will wonder if they ever really had this embarrassing complaint. Mr. S. K. Temple is the scientist who has formulated this marvellous home method, that cures to stay cured. The treatment he prescribes goes to the very root of the disease, and cures it, so that the frequent blushing and flushing becomes a thing of the past. Mr. S. K. Temple wishes it understood that his method of cure is different entirely to the many others which have given only temporary relief. This new method is a simple home treatment that members of either sex can easily follow to a perfectly satisfactory issue—i.e. a permanent cure. By sending your name and address, and enclosing stamp to pay postage, to **Mr. S. K. TEMPLE (Specialist), 39 Maddox St., Hanover Square, London, W.1.** you will receive full description of this remarkable method, which will enable men and women, previously nervous and shy, now to take their places in Society with pleasure and ease, and get greater profit from their business. The description is posted to you free, in a perfectly plain sealed envelope, and you should have no hesitancy in writing. You will be delighted to learn how easily you can be permanently relieved of blushing and flushing of the face and neck, and it will pay you to write to-day; don't neglect to do so.

FREE.

WHO loves GOOD — HONEST — Toffee ?

Wherever good honest folk with simple, wholesome tastes and a sweet tooth are to be found, there you have the lovers of Mackintosh's Toffee.

**MACKINTOSH'S
TOFFEE DELUXE**

Sold loose by weight, and in fancy tins, by confectioners everywhere.



Great Popular Success of "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL"

ENTHUSIASTIC PRAISE FROM ALL BRANCHES OF THE NATIONAL SERVICES.

Distribution of 1,000,000 Complete Hair-Growing and Hair-Beautifying Outfits **FREE**.

OUR Fighting Men on both Land and Sea, Nurses, Munition Workers, as well as practically all our famous Actresses, Queens of Revue, and Cinema Artistes, are full of praise for what has now become the great national toilet practice—"Harlene Hair-Drill."

So necessary is it to-day that men should preserve a fresh and smart appearance, and that women should look to their appearance, in which the hair forms so conspicuous a part, that the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" wishes it to be publicly known that he is prepared to dispatch to any reader a complete 7 Days' "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit free.

This Free Offer is one that no one can afford to miss. If you are a man who suffers from ageing baldness, or if your hair is getting thin, weak, or impoverished, this offer is open to YOU. If you are a woman whose youthful looks are gradually disappearing as a consequence of the hair looking dank, dull, lifeless, and thin, or coming out daily when you use the comb, this Free Offer is also open for YOU to accept. There is, therefore, now no necessity for any man or woman to suffer from:—

1. Scalp Irritation.
2. Complete or Partial Baldness.
3. Splitting Hairs.
4. Over-greasiness of the Scalp.
5. Scurf or Dandruff.

All readers are cordially invited to avail themselves of the generous offer of the Proprietors of "Harlene" to learn of the most successful method of regaining, restoring, and preserving hair-health and hair beauty Free of Charge.

CONTENTS OF FREE HAIR-HEALTH PARCELS

Test "Harlene Hair-Drill" free, without any obligation on your part—merely send 4d. in stamps

to defray cost of carriage, and as soon as His Majesty's Post Office can deliver it, you will receive the following valuable gift:—

1. A Bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and tonic for the hair.
2. A Packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

3. A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. A Copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.

You can always obtain further supplies of any of the preparations from your local chemist: "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; Solidified "Harlene" in tins at 2s. 9d.; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. per box of 7 shampoos (single packets 2d. each); "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. and 2s. 6d. per bottle.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, any or all of these preparations will be

sent to you post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26 Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

FREE "HAIR-DRILL" COUPON.

TO EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD.,
20, 22, 24, and 26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Gift Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps, cost of carriage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME

ADDRESS

Quiver, Aug., 1917.



All classes of Society are now regularly practicing "Harlene Hair-Drill." Men in both our Navy and Army, Nurses, Munition Workers—indeed, all are able to banish the "too-old at 30, 40, or 50" appearance. Everyone is to-day invited to accept this Free Gift Offer. Fill in the Free Coupon, and you will receive the complete "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit.

CRIMPOLINE HAIR-CURLING FLUID

Beautiful natural curls or waves produced in a few days without the aid of tongs or pins. Crimpoline will make your hair soft and silky and keep it curly in roughest weather. It is neither greasy nor sticky. When once the hair curls with Crimpoline it always remains curly or wavy with very little attention. Crimpoline cleanses and restores faded or dull hair, and always keeps it fresh and young. It has also the advantage of being a splendid hairdressing. Results will surprise you.

1/9 and 2/6 a bottle, postage 3d. extra.



PERALIA

BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION INSTANTLY

There is no waiting. First application shows a wonderful improvement to the most troublesome complexion. Further applications enhance your beauty still more. The more you use Peralia the more beautiful you become.

If you are already beautiful Peralia will intensify your beauty; moreover, existing beauty is always retained if Peralia is used occasionally. Peralia has wonderful powers, removes Redness, Greasiness, Roughness, Sallowiness, Tan, Freckles, etc. Restores youthful beauty lost through age, illness, or worry. Imparts to faded cheeks a youthful bloom and freshness. Makes the hands and arms soft and white. - 1/- and 2/6 a bottle, postage 3d. If your Chemist or Drug Store is out of stock send direct to us; take no substitutes!

PERALIA PERFUMERY CO. (Dept. E.), NORTH SHIELDS, ENGLAND.

The Sign

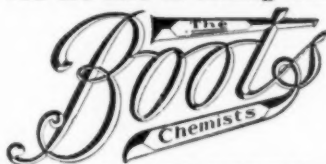


of Safety

The Trade Mark of BOOTS The Chemists may well be likened to a 'Sign of Safety,' for it enables you to identify an article of absolute purity, just as the 'Hall Mark' tells you that an article is solid silver—it is a guarantee and a bond of goodwill which you, as a member of the public, hold—it is the security upon which you extend your patronage. Boots The Chemists Trade Mark on a medical or toilet preparation safeguards you against impurity and ensures efficiency. It points the way to economy and satisfaction. It is a visible sign of the faith Boots The Chemists have in their own goods.

Purity and economy go hand in hand wherever you see the Trade Mark of Boots The Chemists.

You are safe in dealing with



Chief London Branch: 182 REGENT STREET, W.

Over 100 Branches in London Area.

555 BRANCHES IN
TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd



Popular Priced — but British

The leading British Hosiery Manufacturers have succeeded in producing a line of Hosiery that whilst British in every feature of QUALITY, will compare favourably in price with the cheap foreign makes formerly imported. MEDEA, the leading popular-priced Hosiery, is the latest example of British industrial enterprise.

Medea
ALL BRITISH

UNDERWEAR
Stockings and Socks
for Ladies, Children and Men

are made and guaranteed by the Manufacturers of the world-famous "Jason's" all-wool Stockings and Socks.



See this tab on every garment.

Medea Wear is made from the best yarn and is fashioned to each size—not stretched. It wears long and is comfortable to the skin.

LADIES: Combinations, Stockings, Vests, Knickers, Spencers, &c.
MEN'S: Socks, Vests, Pants.

Obtainable from Dealers and Outfitters everywhere.

In case of difficulty write to W. Tyler Sons & Co., Leicester. D 3



Laitova Rhymes No. 6.
(No. 7 next month.)

This is the nigger, a funny chap,
Who cuts the cane to get the sap
From the very sweetest plant that grows—
The sugar cane—and everyone knows
That sugar and lemons (from sunny climes)

Help to give the best of good times.
For with milk from the cows in the
paddock there
(Milked by the maid so prim and fair),
The cows whose milk, you may be sure,
Is always fresh and rich and pure,
And with the eggs both brown and
white,
Laid by the hens with feathers bright,
They go to make the bairns' delight—

**Laitova
Lemon Cheese**

The daily spread for the children's bread.

Give it the children instead of butter. It is not only cheaper, but is more nourishing—it helps to make up for the shortage of potatoes and meat.

Send a jar to your boy at the Front or at sea.
It's a delicious change from the ordinary fare.

In dainty hygienic jars of all grocers.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, Ltd.,
Cornbrook, Manchester.



Old age and Insomnia
OLD age and a nervous temperament favour sleeplessness. Before retiring take a cup of the 'Allenburys' DIET. This complete and easily digested food soothes the nerves, promotes calm sleep and ensures digestive rest. Largely used by the Medical Profession.

Promotes Sleep.

"I have used the 'Allenburys' DIET at night on going to bed with considerable benefit. I find it sustaining and comforting and sleep much better after taking it."
 (SHORED.).....M.D.

AIDS DIGESTION. INDUCES SLEEP.

The Allenburys' DIET
For Adults

No Cooking or Cow's Milk required. Made with boiling water only.

In Tins at 1/6, 3/- & 6/- each of Chemists.
 Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, E.C.



Feeling tired? Never mind—just put some warm water into the foot-bath, throw in a dash of Luce's Eau-de-Cologne, then put your feet into it.

What? Haven't got Luce's in the house? That's a pity, because you'd be surprised to find how quickly this treatment would relieve your tiredness and refresh not only the feet but your whole body. Still more, it would arrest possible headache, sleeplessness, and the usual effects of over-exertion.

Hadn't you better order a bottle *now* and so be prepared next time?

Because it is so pure, so delicate, so anti-septic, Luce's Eau-de-Cologne is of greater efficiency, and has a wider range of usefulness than other brands. There are *always* uses for Luce's—so keep it *always* in the house.

LUCE'S
 ORIGINAL *Jersey*
EAU-de-COLOGNE

Famous since the early days of Queen Victoria.

Numerous Gold Medals and Highest Awards.

EST. JERSEY 1837.

PRICES: 1/3, 2/6, 5/-, 10/-
 WICKERS: 3/9, 7/-, 13/-

Of Stores, Chemists and Perfumers, and from the Army and Navy Stores, Barker's, Harrod's, Hogg's, Saltridge's, Whiteley's, &c., or from

LUCE'S, High St., Southampton



On holiday use Anzora

Then you will experience the joy of possessing a neatly brushed head that will keep smart and tidy throughout the day's round of recreation. For Anzora Cream will master the most refractory hair, and it is entirely free from oil or grease, therefore will not soil pillows or hat linings. It is also an admirable tonic for hair roots and scalp.

Should you be troubled with a dry scalp you will find Anzora Viola peculiarly suitable. It is a blending of Anzora Cream with Anzora Oil of Violets.

Anzora will make a most acceptable Gift to a man—whatever his age.

Anzora Cream and Anzora Viola are sold at 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) per bottle, by all high-class hairdressers, chemists and military canteens. Gently but firmly refuse all substitutes.

Anzora Perfumery Co., 32-34 Willemsen Lane, N.W.6

ANZORA
HAIR CREAM



Wood-Milne Rubber Heels & Tips

From the time you rise until the time you retire Wood-Milnes save you endless fatigue and discomfort.

They keep your heels at an even level, give a cushioned feeling to floors and pavements, add buoyancy and elasticity to the step, and they save you countless small repairs. Have Wood-Milnes fixed to all your boots and shoes to-day.

Made in black, brown, and grey rubber, in many shapes, sizes, and qualities, to suit all footwear.

No Increase in Price.

Sold everywhere.



R43



THE LUCKY ONE!

Fry's PURE
BREAKFAST
COCOA

LOVED BY THE BAIRNIES

STANWORTH'S "Defiance" UMBRELLAS

THIS UMBRELLA

photographed before and after repair, is an example of what can be done in the Stanworth workshops.

A complete wreck in the first picture, the second shows the poor "patient" after being repaired and re-covered with the famous Stanworth "Defiance" Silk Union.

Send us your old Umbrella

to-day together with P.O. for 5/-, and it will reach you per return of post, looking as fresh as on the day you first purchased it. Postage on Foreign Orders 1/- extra.

A post card will bring you our Illustrated Catalogue of Stanworth "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for re-covering umbrellas from 2/6 upwards.

STANWORTH & CO.,
Northern Umbrella Works,
BLACKBURN.



WHAT 1,500 BRITISH CHEMISTS do not know is hardly worth knowing.

The name "UCAL" represents the knowledge of the **UNITED CHEMISTS ASSOCIATION LIMITED.**

EVERY "UCAL" PREPARATION IS GUARANTEED.
LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE CHEMIST'S WINDOW.

WHICH YOU CAN'T HAVE BOTH.
will you A WRETCHED HEADACHE
have? OR DR. MACKENZIE'S
SMELLING BOTTLE.

Cures Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Hay Fever, Headache, Dizziness, Faintness. Of all chemists and stores, price 1/2, or post free 1/6 in the United Kingdom.
Dr. Mackenzie's Laboratories, Castle Street, Reading. 1/3



CLAROMA

should be in every household. The simplest and most effectual remedy ever discovered for Colds, Nasal Catarrh, Hay Fever, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Influenza. Cures the Worst Cold in a Few Hours. 1/3, or by post 1/6, from all Chemists, or J. M. BANNERMAN, Chemist, Edinburgh.

CATARRH SCENT
OF ALL CHEMISTS.

A Remarkable Letter on Restoration of Linen.

"The Stains disappeared as by Magic."

"Dear Sirs,—After seeing your Movol advertised, I have tried it to-day, and am really amazed at the results. I had sent to me a nurse's

apron almost new, but discarded on account of a big ironmould mark. I got a 6d. tube for trial and followed the directions, and the stain disappeared as by magic. Not the slightest harm done to the fabric. It is far simpler and safer to use than anything I have known before.—Yours faithfully, G. A. T."



THIS Salvage of Linen can be attempted equally successfully by every one of our readers. There is no risk of injuring the finest fabric—Movol can be used without fear on old lace, etc. Salts of lemon, etc., are entirely superseded by this entirely British

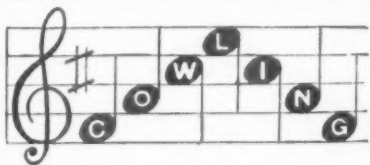
invention, which is manufactured by the well-known firm of W. Edge & Sons, Ltd., Bolton, and sold in 1s. and 6d. tubes by Ironmongers, Chemists, and Stores everywhere.

P.S.—Movol quickly removes disinfected stains from Hospital Linen.

Ironmould, Rust, Fruit, Medicine, Disinfectant, and Ink Stains removed without injury to the fabric—by



In case of difficulty in obtaining, send 1/2 for large trial tube.—
W. EDGE & SONS, Ltd.,
Bolton.



Pianists, Violinists, 'Cellists.

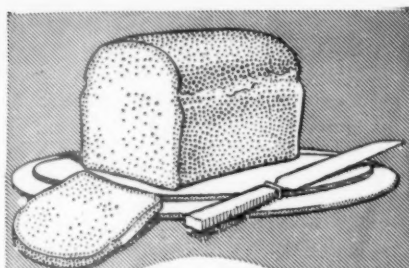
NO WEARY SCALE PRACTICE.

Rapid Fingering, Flexibility of Wrist, and a fine Vibrato acquired by a few minutes' daily practice away from the instrument.

NO APPARATUS.

F.R.A.M. writes: "I do indeed believe in the efficacy of the Cowling Method, and think that such carefully and anatomically directed exercises are not only helpful but essential."

Send for Free Illustrated Booklet to—
THE COWLING SYSTEM, Albion House,
59 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.



Does War Bread mean Indigestion?

In the far off days of plenty, everything that was coarse or rough was eliminated from the wheat in the process of milling, consequently our digestive functions now respond very sluggishly to the task of dealing with the new "standard" flour.

As a result we hear on every hand the grumble that "war bread is giving me indigestion." It may be true. But the fault probably lies with the individual digestion more than with the bread.

If you wish to get the full body-building value from the food you eat, and at the same time to escape from any digestive trouble, take

Chocoloids

The Cure for Constipation

Indigestion is one of the surest indications of stomach and bowel weakness. More than eight-tenths of the body-building value of the food you eat is absorbed by the small intestine, the food's passage through the small intestine. Any impurities which are present at the time are absorbed also. This is the start of the trouble.

Purify the blood and aid the digestive organs by keeping the bowels free from impurities. The blood will then go about its work of building and reconstructing tissues with the best possible results.

Chocoloids are entirely herbal in composition, and are eminently suitable for delicate constitutions, because though the effect is certain it is never drastic.

Take Chocoloids and have your friends say how well you look."

For the Front.—Chocoloids take the place of natural laxatives (purgatives, etc.) and they can be carried easily in the pocket. Put a tin in your hand parcel.

Price 2s. 6d. per Box of 60 Tablets, usually sufficient to cure the most obstinate case.

Sample Box 1s. 3d., containing 24 Tablets. Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or post free from the makers—

THE CHOCOLOID CO.
(Dept. M),
Stitchley
Laboratories,
Birmingham.



SHORTHAND IN 24 HOURS

First Lesson Free.

You can completely acquire the theory of Dutton's Shorthand in 24 hours. This modern, simple high-speed system consists of 29 characters and six abbreviating rules only.

In the recent shorthand contest for novices, cheques for £25 were paid by *The Daily News* to two lady students who passed a test of 100 words a minute after only eight weeks' study of an hour or two daily.

Dutton's Shorthand is now accepted in all Government Offices, and there are many vacancies waiting to be filled at good salaries. 250 Women Clerks are wanted weekly for service in France.

A First Free Lesson, a comparison of the Dutton with the Pitman, Sloan-Duployan and Gregg systems, particulars of the Day and Evening Classes at the new London Branch, 92 and 93 Great Russell St., W.C.1 (4 doors west of the British Museum), and of the unique *postal* course of tuition, will be forwarded to every reader sending stamp to Dutton's Business College, Desk 42, Skegness.

The Patent **TREASURE COT** for Infants.
LIGHT—COMFORTABLE—HYGIENIC—PORTABLE.
No draughts or hard substances to mar baby's comfort. Packs small.
The Treasure Cot and our other Specialities for the Nursery are British inventions and British made.
PRICES FROM 19/6 POST FREE.
Illustrated Catalogue of Cots and Accessories Free.
Treasure Cot Showrooms (Dept. M.3),
124 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

DO YOU STAMMER?

If so, I can cure you in 30 Days. Permanent Cure Guaranteed, or no charge. Get rid of this annoyance, and make your life a success. Send for my Booklet—Free—if you write at once for it, mentioning "The Quiver," and enclose stamp to pay postage. Address—

J. J. EDISON, Ltd., 87 Gt. George St., Leeds.

£1 GIFT BOOK for 5/9

See page xxiv

FREE TO MOTHERS.

Every mother should send a post card for an interesting book entitled "Hints about Baby," which will be forwarded post free on application to Messrs. J. R. NEAVE & Co., Fordingbridge. Please mention QUIVER. Those desiring a free sample of the famous Neave's Food should enclose 2d. in stamps to cover actual postage.

KINGOLA BLOOD TABLETS

Kingola Blood Tablets supersede all Mixtures, Ointments and Lotions, being a combination of costly tonics and purifiers found in no other remedy. 2,000 Doctors recommend. Tasteless and easy to take.

Bad Legs, Swelling of the Joints, Diseases caused through hard or impure Water, Eczema, Wounds that won't heal, Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Piles, Blood Poison, rapidly yield to this treatment. They have cured hundreds of cases given up by Doctors, Hospitals, and other remedies.

Thousands of Testimonials have been received testifying to the wonderful curative effect of Kingola Blood Tablets in Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis, Sciatica, and Joint Swelling. They're different to anything else.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., says:

"Kingola Blood Tablets are prepared from a splendid formula, and for all diseases of the blood I can recommend them with the utmost confidence."

Sample three stamps.

3/-, 5/-, & 12/- per case, with full directions and advice from

KINGOLA CO., 94 Church Rd., Hove, Sussex

Stocked by all Branches of Boots Cash Chemists.

"MAUDE WAS SIMPLY FURIOUS."

"Maude was simply furious because Ethel wouldn't tell her what had so improved her hair—it used to come out in handfuls when she brushed it—but now she's found out what it is—overheard her telling Mrs. Grey—and she says she is not so surprised now, for she always heard it was wonderful stuff."



ASK YOUR HAIRDRESSER OR CHEMIST FOR **DR. WILSON'S HAIR RESTORER.**
Or write to **PARTON, BOW & Co., Ltd., Bull Ring, BIRMINGHAM.**

THE EDITH HOWES NATURE BOOKS

The Sun's Babies

EDITH HOWES

A Study of Nature at First Hand. With 4 Colour Illustrations by FRANK WATKINS. Cloth, 3/6 net.

Fairy Rings

EDITH HOWES

With 4 Colour Illustrations by FRANK WATKINS. Cloth, 3/6 net.

Rainbow Children

EDITH HOWES

With 4 Colour Illustrations. Cloth, 3/6 net.

THE HOUSE OF CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4

YOU CAN PLAY THE PIANO TO-DAY

By Naunton's National Music System



IT makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are 80 years of age or only 8, we guarantee that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats, or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tire-some or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

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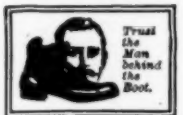
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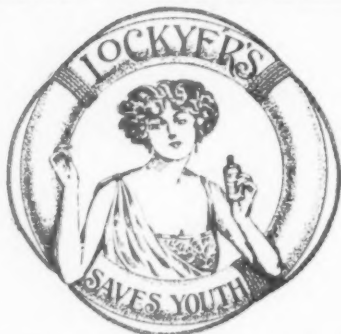
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Obtainable from all Chemists and
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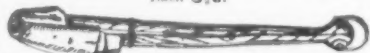
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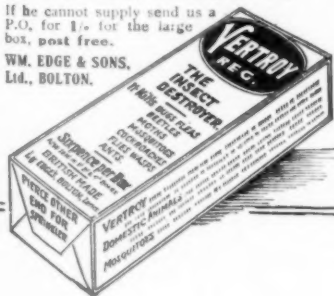
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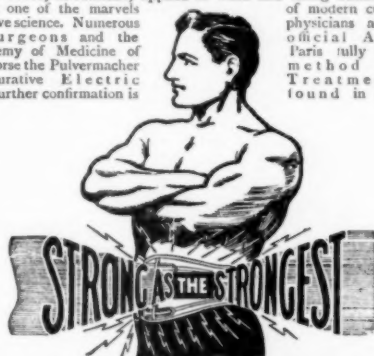
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to our gallant soldiers and sailors at home and in every theatre of war.

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N.B.—Recreation Huts are an ABSOLUTE NEED for our brave men, whether the prevalent plagues be rain, mud, and slush, or dust, sand, and flies.

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"For God and the Empire: By Love serving one another."

I wish to be enrolled as a member of the L.Y.B.C. I will do all I possibly can to be true to its ideals and to carry out its object. I enclose two penny stamps for a Certificate of Membership.

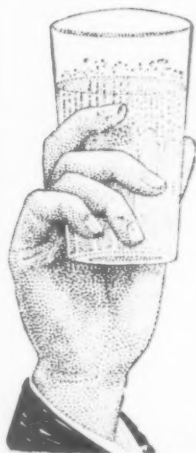
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Makes you fit—keeps you fit.

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N.B.—Send a tin to your boy at the front or at sea. It will keep him fit.

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—NEED—

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The 2/9 size contains THREE TIMES AS MUCH as the 1/3 bottle.



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OF
HEALTH



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Special Detachable
Suspenders.

Stocked in
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Made in finest
quality Drill.

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People will sometimes try an ordinary battery (made, no doubt, for commercial purposes), or a shocking current, which irritates the nerves, and conclude that electricity is not suitable. It will not do any good in that form. The current must be given without shock—without irritation of any kind—and in this way the very weakest individuals can be built up.

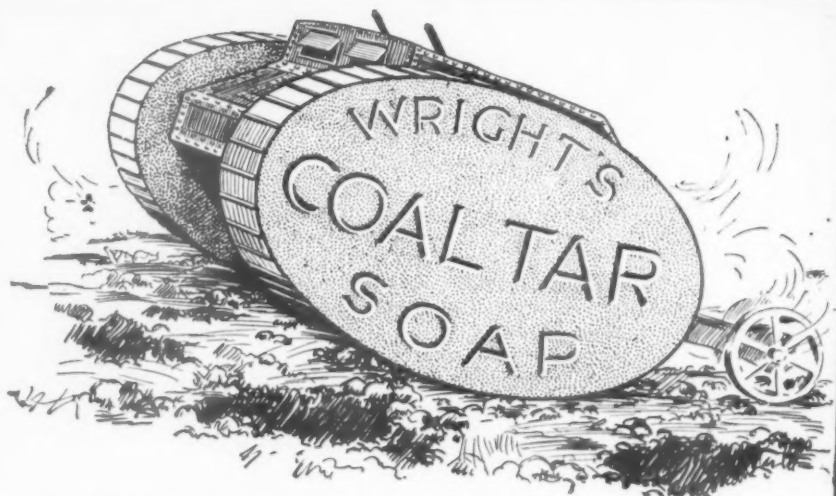
No one is too weak to use electricity. In such cases a longer building-up process is required. But the results are just as certain as water is to extinguish a fire when applied in sufficient quantities. If a proper battery is used it is possible to supply a very strong current, free from all inconveniences.

How much more pleasant it is to be cured in this way, while resting, than to be pouring medicine into the poor weakened stomach until it is impossible to do without it. This drug habit grows on one, like the whisky habit; and no wonder, as alcohol forms the chief ingredient of many preparations. It is simply adding more poison to the weakened organs. Why not stop it?

Rheumatic sufferers, those crippled with Lumbago, Sciatica, or Gout; the victim of weakened stomach, kidney, liver, bowels, or bladder; the person with the shattered nervous system, and suffering from Paralysis, Epilepsy, Neurasthenia, Insomnia, or Neuralgia, should seek a restoration of health in the electric cure. Don't say, "It might not do me any good?" It will do you good if you resort to the right means. It will cure you.

There is a book for free distribution among all readers of THE QUIVER which covers this subject fully. You should not be without it if you are not in possession of perfect health. It tells the cause of weakness and disease, and how a cure can be gained. It describes the most successful remedy known—the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery. The history of many cases is sent with the book. It costs you nothing to get it.

Write at once to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 52), 25 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, and you will receive by return post the most valuable book ever published on the subject. It is sent by letter post, free, together with full information concerning the treatment.



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THE QUIVER

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All MSS. submitted to the Editor must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, and should be addressed to "The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4." While every care is taken to ensure the safety of MSS., the Editor can accept no responsibility for them.

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TEA




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THE WELFARE OF THE CHILD

IT is pleasing to observe that child welfare, and particularly measures for the arrest of the frightful toll of child mortality, are at length receiving more serious attention. Hitherto patriotic service of this kind has been left too much to voluntary agencies; but now, under the grievous wastage of manhood through the War, the value to the nation of its child-life has come into new prominence, and active measures for its more effectual preservation are engaging the attention of the Government. Sir Arthur Newsholme, in his report on Child Mortality, says that in 274 urban areas of England and Wales there were, in the four years preceding the War, 575,000 deaths among children under five years of age; and that of this appalling total there was a large mass of preventable mortality. We simply cannot afford to allow 1,000 infants to die every week, largely from preventable causes.

Of the many voluntary agencies engaged in child-rescue, none has a more honourable record than the National Children's

Home, founded in 1869 by Dr. T. B. Stephenson, and for many years known as "Dr. Stephenson's Homes." At New Oscott, to name only one branch, the Princess Alice Orphanage has won the admiration of visitors, alike for the beauty of its situation and the excellency of its management. In cottage homes of varied and attractive design dwell some 250 little ones rescued from circumstances of misfortune and moral peril. Of these, no less than three-fifths are children of this town and district. They dwell in family communities of twenty-five under charge of a Matron and a Sister, and are educated, trained in various handicrafts and useful domesticity, and prepared generally for the battle of life. The marked feature of the Orphanage is the absence of "Institutionalism." The children are clothed with individual taste, the same as any other children, quickly forget their misfortunes, and learn to look out on life with hope and courage. Work of this kind is patriotism of the highest order.



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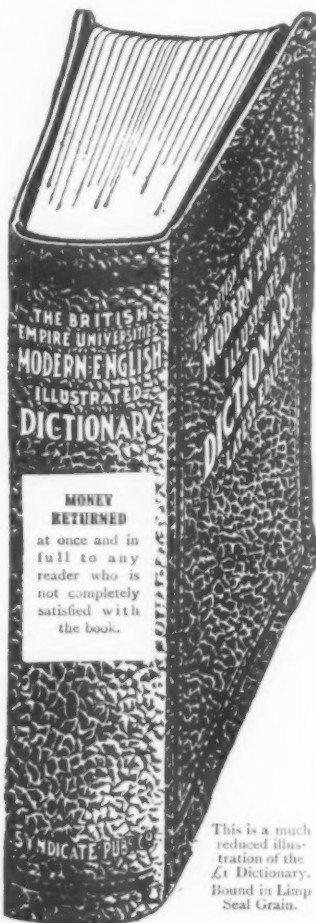
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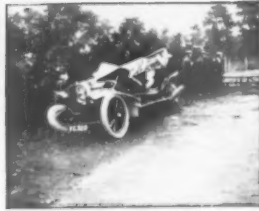
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August.

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" 'Dog of a Swiss, you think you've
saved the woman! '—p. 806.

Drawn by
Arch. Webb

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THE QUIVER



VOL. LII., No. 10

AUGUST, 1917

"LOYAL"

No. 3 in the Series "The Tricolour"

By VIOLET M. METHLEY

DIANE ST. AMORY leant over the gallery railing and gazed down into the great central hall of the Tuileries, with the grand staircase leading up from the midst.

From the well rose sounds indescribable, appalling, shouts and howlings, utterly inhuman and bestial, the wild shrieks of women, groans, and the clatter of weapons, with, now and then, a rattling volley of musketry.

It was as though, from her gallery, the girl overhung the very mouth of the pit itself, yet in her wide eyes and white face there was horror and indignation, but nothing of fear.

It would have seemed that she had cause enough for terror: she, who was the only woman of the household left in the Palace; she, who might at any moment be at the misnamed mercy of that howling mob, which was fighting its way up the grand staircase towards the upper part of the building.

Between her and that mob were but a tiny handful of men, the remnant of the Swiss Guard, which had been left alone in the Tuileries, after the desertion of the King.

Diane had been present at the short Council, very early on that morning of August 10th, 1792, when His Majesty, Louis XVI., had come to a certain decision. The Queen had been present also, and she had put into indignant words the maid of honour's own secret feelings.

"But Your Majesty—my husband!" Marie Antoinette cried. "It is sheer cowardice to desert the Palace—our brave Swiss—to seek safety for ourselves, leaving them here!"

"They will be safe enough," the King answered heavily. "I will give orders that they are to make no resistance to the people—that they are to lay down their arms. Indeed, it is for that only, to avoid the possibility of bloodshed, that I am about to leave the Palace, to put myself and my family under the protection of the Assembly!"

"I care not who made it—'tis a cowardly plan!" the Queen flashed back. "And it will fail!"

She fell silent, biting her protruding under-lip, her eyes reddened with watching, her hair—so white since the failure of Varennes more than a year before—dishevelled under her cap.

Diane had watched her royal mistress pitifully. She knew well enough what had been the awful strain of that hot, thunderous night, all through which the jangle of the tocsin had beaten upon their ears, summoning Paris to arms against its King. Since the afternoon before, all the Palace had expected an attack. They knew that vast throngs of people were assembling in the Carrousel and on the quays—all the under-world of the city, with a backbone of National Guardsmen and the inflammatory Federal troops from southern France.

Yet the troops in the Palace were quite

THE QUIVER

unafraid, confident of their ability to defend the King and Queen against the undisciplined crowds without. They had a couple of cannon on the river side of the terrace, and a fair provision of firearms and ammunition, if only the King would stand firm and give them his moral support.

Louis XVI. did not do so; he resolved to leave the Tuileries—to desert the men who would willingly have died for him.

Diane, her mind in a whirl of indignation, slipped from the room where the Council had been held, and went down the grand staircase to the hall, where Captain Antoine Hochmann, of the Swiss Guard, stood at his post, seemingly as impassive as ever, certainly as silent, but with a queer glint in the eyes which were as blue as his own mountain lakes.

"You look happy, Monsieur," the girl said.

"I am!" the Swiss answered promptly. "For it seems to me, Mademoiselle, that now a fight is certain; the rabble out there may attack the Palace at any moment, and I shall have my chance at last to strike a blow for the King—and for you!"

One look he gave her with the words, and then fell silent again, staring in front of him. And Diane, knowing that the man's very soul was hers, found it bitterly hard to wound him, as she knew she must.

"There will be no fight," she told him, dully, heavily. "The Palace is not to be defended; the King and the royal family are about to seek refuge with the Assembly, and you, of the Guard, are to lay down your arms, that there may be no bloodshed to disquiet His Majesty."

To the girl's bitter speech Hochmann made, this time, no answer at all. Only he brought down his booted foot heavily upon the parquet floor, and his fingers clenched over the sword-hilt at his side.

That had been two hours ago, and Diane, now, leaning from the gallery, had seen all the other women of the household go to seek refuge in the houses of friends in the city, while she herself lingered, hoping that she might still be suffered to accompany her mistress.

But that hope failed. Only two of the Queen's ladies, Madame de Tourzel and the Princess de Lamballe, were allowed to go with the royal family, and Diane, lingering to the very last, found her escape cut off,

every exit from the Palace blocked by a flood of shouting, yelling humanity. It was with a queer thrill, almost triumphant, that the girl realised her own helplessness, saw the practical certainty facing her that she, like the Swiss, would die at her post.

For the Swiss, in despite of orders, were fighting to the last man. They had been maddened at first by an outrage from some ruffians in the mob—shots were exchanged—who can tell now exactly what happened? Even as Diane watched and listened there came a redoubled clamour from below, a surging rush of the crowd, and, above the clamour, a loud, commanding voice.

"Hold the staircase, men—make your stand there!"

Diane recognised the speaker as Major Bachmann, commandant of the Hundred Swiss. She saw scattered figures in scarlet break away from the crowd, and close up together, barring the way up the staircase. A rattling volley mowed down the leaders of the mob, and for a moment it surged back—only a moment. Like a great wave crashing over the shingle, it returned, and soon the white marble of the stairs was dyed red in great splashes, deeper in colour than the coats of the Swiss, who fell and died there, one by one, in defence of the empty shell which had been the Palace of their master. And these men, by their opponents, were called mercenaries!

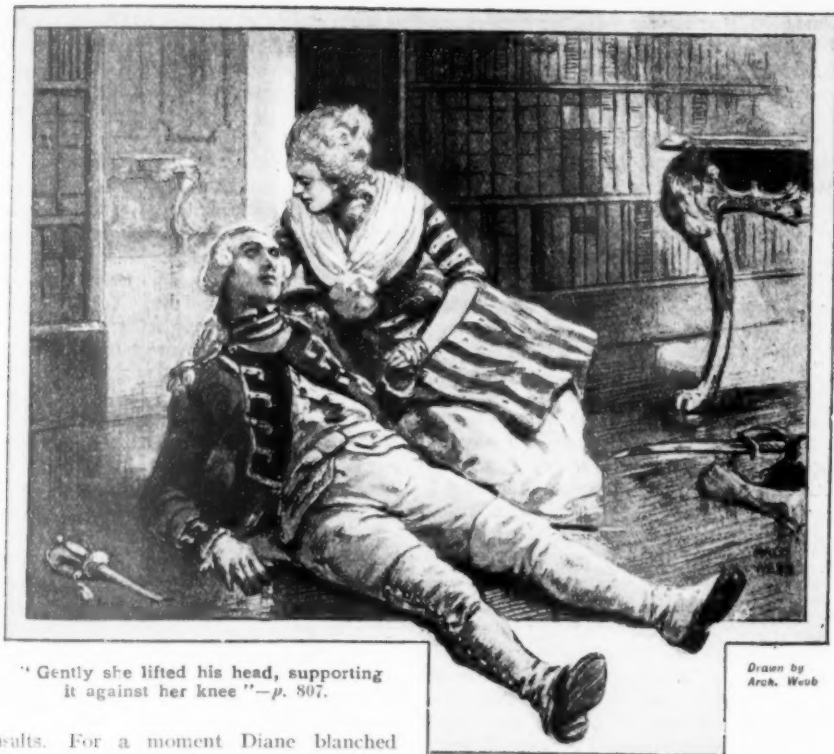
Like one frozen where she stood, Diane watched from the gallery, gazing down upon that gallant, desperate scene. Her eyes had found Hochmann, where he towered above his comrades—a huge, square-shouldered figure. She could see his face plainly, see that the cold despair had gone, leaving it once more oddly happy of aspect.

The Swiss must have felt her glance upon him, for suddenly he looked up and their eyes met. At the very same instant the girl was seen by another. There came a hoarse shout from one of the mob leaders, a lank, wolf-like fellow, with a scarlet handkerchief bound upon his head.

"A woman, my comrades, a woman! One of the spies of the cursed Austrian! See—there—above us! Come, we'll have her, citizens! We'll tear her limb from limb, as we would serve her cursed mistress!"

There followed a string of unprintable

"LOYAL"



"Gently she lifted his head, supporting it against her knee"—p. 807.

Drawn by
Arch. Webb

insults. For a moment Diane blanched death-white, and her fingers clutched at the carved railing.

A howl rose from the crowd, a howl like that of wolves who see their prey almost within reach. Once again they surged forward, beating against the thinned scarlet barrier of those who had proudly borne the name of the "Hundred Swiss."

With a swiftness extraordinary in one so largely built, Hochmann disengaged himself from his comrades and sprang up the staircase. He reached Diane's side, and, catching her by the wrist, dragged her towards the nearest door. He flung it open, closed and locked it behind them, then faced the girl, panting heavily.

"Down there—there was nothing left but to die. I can do that as well here," he muttered, as though in half-ashamed extenuation of his action. "You *must* be saved—you shall!"

"That is impossible," Diane answered. "There is no way of escape, Captain Hochmann—you must see that."

Outside the clamour of the crowd grew ever nearer; plainly the resistance of the Swiss had been beaten down at last, and the mob was forcing its way up the staircase. Hochmann, still leaning against the door, tapped it deliberately with his knuckles.

"'Tis good oak. It will stand—for a few minutes," he said, and looked about him.

Diane followed his glance. They were in a small room, used as a library—a quiet, peaceful place in which the turmoil without seemed sacrilegious. One wall contained a window, the other three were entirely covered by loaded bookshelves, only broken by a fireplace and a couple of doors.

Hochmann strode across to the second door and opened it. Beyond was a larger room, hung with maps and charts, and without another exit; through the widely opened window came the roaring of the crowd which filled the courtyard beneath.

The Swiss closed the door, locked it, and thrust the key into his pocket. Then he

THE QUIVER

turned to Diane, still with that calm air of deliberation.

"Something unusual has come to me," he said, and smiled quaintly. "It is an idea—a plan—actually a plan! 'Tis quite simple, but sometimes it is simplicity which succeeds. Only one thing is necessary: your promise to obey me, absolutely, implicitly—and to trust me."

"I do!" Diane spoke earnestly. "I trust you entirely, and I will obey you."

"Thanks. Then promise me this: whatever happens you will not make a sound which might betray you."

"I have given you my promise," Diane repeated.

"Thanks," he said again, and without another word turned to the nearest bookshelves, where stood a row of huge, calf-bound volumes. He pulled out sufficient to leave a wide, gaping cavity in their ranks, showing dark space behind. Then he swung round upon Diane.

"Get in!" he said curtly.

For a moment she hesitated.

"But, Captain Hochmann—they will search everywhere. I fear it is of no use."

"This is not all my plan," he answered her quietly. "It is not quite so simple as that, and—you promised to obey me, Mademoiselle Diane!"

As though to accentuate his appeal, there came a sudden rush along the corridor without, and a mighty crash upon the door of the library. High above the clamour rose the voice of the wolf-like man.

"She is here! She is hiding here—the spy, the traitress! And the dog of a Swiss too! Break down the door, comrades! Tear them limb from limb!"

"Get in!" Hochmann repeated, under breath.

"And you?"

"I have my plan. Get in!"

One glance passed between them, and Diane obeyed. Drawing her skirts about her, she squeezed through the narrow opening and lay down in the strip of space beyond, with her face pressed against the books. Next instant Hochmann had carefully replaced the volumes, pressing them exactly into place with steady hands.

Then he drew his sword, and, crossing the room, posted himself before the closed door which led into the adjoining chamber.

Meanwhile, the noise outside was doubled

and even trebled. Great, splintering crashes sounded on the door, and beneath the blows even those massive panels yielded. Through the wood appeared the point of a pike; suddenly a huge jagged square was forced inwards, and the head and shoulders of a man followed it.

He scrambled through, cursing loudly; others followed him, amongst the first being the gaunt leader who had first spied Diane. Just within the room he stood, glaring at Hochmann, who faced him absolutely unperturbed.

Like other creatures of his breed, the Revolutionary was a coward without his pack. For the moment, he did no more than snarl and growl.

"Dog of a Swiss, you think you've saved the woman!" He coupled the word with a foul epithet. "Wait—wait!"

Hochmann, without answering, smiled serenely and set his shoulders the more squarely against the door which backed him.

A score of men had, by this time, scrambled and fought their way into the room through the broken panels, wild and ferocious ruffians every one, with bare arms, stained to the elbows with terrible dark red, and clumsily effective weapons in their hands. The lank leader adopted an air of assured command, when he found himself thus reinforced.

"We've run the vermin to earth, citizens! This hound is seeking to defend the kennel of his mistress. She's skulking behind the door there, of course. At him, brothers!"

They made a disjointed rush forward, but stopped, wavering, at a few paces from the Swiss, cowed by his steady bearing and steadier sword-point. Upon that sword, it was very plain that the leaders of the assault would meet their death, and no man amongst them seemed to have any great relish for the post of honour. The leader temporised.

"Come, I grant that you're a brave man. You and your comrades have done your best to defend the Palace, though 'twas no business of yours to interfere in Frenchmen's quarrels. And you've done your best, too, to defend this cursed woman, but the game's up now. Let us pass quietly, and we'll spare your life—I swear it. Otherwise—well, you'll waste your blood for nothing."

Hochmann said nothing at all. He stood motionless, and the sunlight shone in a

"LOYAL"

golden, dusty beam upon his raised sword-point. The silence exasperated his opponent.

"You'll only have this one chance!" he snarled. "Get out of our way, or——"

Hochmann, perfectly immovable, smiled placidly.

Meanwhile Diane, crushed into the narrow space behind the books, with the heavy smell and dust of the old calf-bound volumes in her nostrils, listened with strained ears. The words of the mob-leader told her well enough what was passing, and every instinct urged her to reveal herself, to claim Hochmann's life at the price of self-surrender.

Yet two things held her back from that course: her promise to the Swiss soldier and the absolute knowledge that her sacrifice would only be useless, and would, moreover, embitter unspeakably the pain of death for the man who so loyally loved her.

With that knowledge in her heart, she fought against her own impulses—and conquered. Pressing her fingers against her ears, she waited—waited, in the throbbing semi-silence.

Hochmann's smiling silence was intensely irritating to his opponents.

A burly fellow lurched within reach of Hochmann's arm; it shot forward and the man fell in a huddled heap at the feet of the soldier. Another and another fell, until a clumsy blow reached the right arm of the Swiss and it fell numbed to his side.

Hochmann snatched his sword, left-handed, and fought valiantly for a few moments more, until he was borne down, trampled by the sheer weight of numbers.

They dragged him aside and flung themselves against the second door. In a very few moments they had crashed and splintered their way through into the inner room. The gaunt leader glared round.

"Empty! Curses upon them! Ah, the window!"

He strode across to it, dragged aside the long curtains, which fluttered in the warm air.

"She's escaped this way—that's plain! That dog held the door to give her time. 'Tis no great distance to the roof below, but she cannot have reached the ground—there are flat leads and chimney-pots. I'll warrant she's lurking amongst them, waiting her chance. Here, some of you, make for the courtyard at once, and we'll climb through one of the windows in the

lower storey. Come on, brothers, follow me! We'll catch the hussy yet."

Back through the inner doorway they surged into the library; all those blood-inflamed, chaotic minds were fixed now upon one single idea, without thought for other possibilities of concealment. Diane St. Amory had escaped through the open window; why otherwise should the Swiss have defended the door at the cost of his life? That seemed to them entirely irrefutable reasoning.

Yelping and howling, the human wolf-pack clattered away along the corridor, until the noise of them died down into the confused clamour of the mob below.

A strange death-like silence descended upon the little library; to Diane, still crouching in her hiding-place, it seemed to hang on the air like a nightmare. In a very few moments she decided that she might venture forth. A couple of the big volumes fell with a thud upon the carpeted floor, and, next instant, she had scrambled down, all else forgotten save that motionless figure, which lay, face upturned, by the inner doorway.

Diane knelt beside Hochmann. Gently she lifted his head, supporting it against her knee, and, as though her mere touch had called him back from the gates of death, the man's eyes opened and looked up into hers. He said no words, but his eyes spoke for him and Diane answered the question.

"Do not be afraid. I shall escape easily, through the back entrance. I will wear the servant's clothes which I had for the last play at Trianon, so you see I shall be well disguised. But first I must find some place of safety for you."

Very weakly he shook his head, smiling.

"Ah no, Captain Hochmann, you must get well—for my sake, you must—see how selfish I am! I'm not worth the sacrifice of your life—it is cruel! Cruel! Oh, forgive me."

Her broken cry of remorse and pain was suddenly cut short. Awestruck, she met the eyes of the soldier once more, and saw in them the look of a victor, of one who has won the highest attainable prize.

She rose and stood for a moment with bent head and clasped hands before turning away to seek that safety which the soldier had bought for her at so high a price.



The Back Door : " No entreaty would make him again approach the front."

AT THE MANSE DOOR

My Experiences with our Friend the Tramp

By A SOUTH AFRICAN PARSON

NEVER a tramp visits our dorp but that he calls at the Manse. They are all Methodists, and if the Methodist Church has failed among any class, you may take it from the tramps it has succeeded among them.

**They are all Methodists—
and Anglicans as well !**

The Anglican clergyman round the corner is also honoured by the same callers, and they tell him they are all devoted adherents to the Church of England. But there, now, in this topsy-turvy world you must not expect simple-minded men like parsons and ministers to reconcile all its inconsistencies. We take them as we find them, and no more question these contradictions than did the famous preacher who proclaimed one Sunday a limited salvation and the next universal redemption, and then told his puzzled deacons he found both doctrines in the Bible. We in Africa have heard that Methodist Episcopalians flourish in America, and why should we not find in our own U.S.A. (Union of South Africa) the Methodist Episcopalians also ?

Yet these peripatetic visitants are not Americans. Rumour reached us of one American tramp, seventy-five miles away, but he never visited us. So dark-hued was his skin he might have passed as a Zulu ; but with an air of authority altogether foreign to the native of this land, he asked for a room for himself and wife. Puzzled by the fine clothes and aggressive manner of this strange native, the Afrikaner queried, " Who might you be ? To what tribe do you belong ? " " Oh ! I'm a-namerwaken Scotchman."

Now this is the nearest America ever came of paying its respects to our Methodist Manse, seventy-five miles distant, and its representative a black man who, though christened American, was surnamed Scotch.

A Well-dressed Scot

Moreover, we cannot believe that coloured gentleman, even if American, had any title to the cognomen Scotch, for scarcely ever do we see Scotty on tramp in this southern land. The only Scotchman who ever called at the Manse was a genuine worker, seeking work and deserving it richly. He waited

AT THE MANSE DOOR

upon the minister and was so well-dressed we surmised he must be a commercial travelling in the tailoring trade. But as he sat, one leg crossed over the other, he exposed to view the sole of his boot, and we could see it was worn right through.

His references were good. He was a clerk seeking work; had been working for the Harbour Board at one of our ports, but retrenchment set in, and he, the last to come, had been the first to go. It was several years after the Boer War, and hundreds were stranded about that time by the Government's policy of retrenchment. Could the minister make it possible for him to stay in the dorp four days, that he might receive letters answering applications for work?

We tried to secure temporary work, and that failing, he appealed, "Sir, I am not above doing anything: let me dig the garden." And seeing his eagerness, we set him caulking and painting a boat by the river. The offer was accepted at once; he was only an amateur, but would do his best.

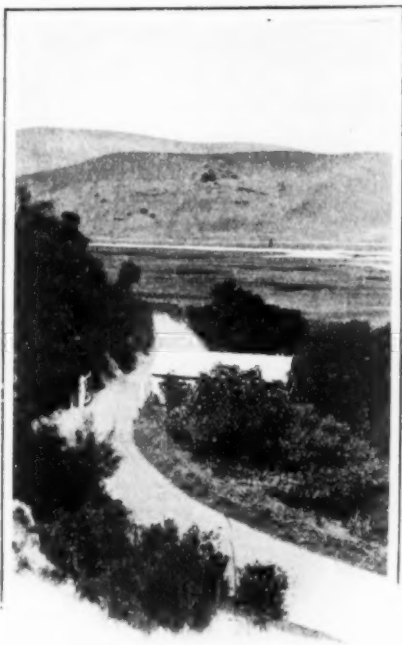
The Back Door Only

An hour or so later a man clad in an old suit came to the back door. It was the gentleman who had come by the front a while before. No entreaty would make him again approach the front. "No, I am now your workman, and take no liberties," he averred. He had not yet imbibed the Afrikaner feeling that all blacks must come by the back and all whites by the front. Often we dare not ask a tradesman to come by the back lest he be mortally offended. "We're not your Kaffirs," retorted two Dutchmen who had called at a farm-

house for a drink, when their host courteously invited them to step in by what seemed to be the back door. And, thirsty though they were, they rode off without the drink. But our Scotch caller would choose the back door. In the heat of Africa he had walked in this old suit, and carried the better clothing some five hundred miles that he might preserve a good appearance and maintain a better chance of securing suitable occupation. Whenever he approached a dorp the old clothes were hidden in the veld or bush whilst he sought work in the town. He deserved to succeed, and at the end of four days, having won the sincere respect and good wishes of us all, and with 10s. in his pocket, he departed.

Some four miles on the way two of us helped to carry his swag. And then he said, "I would like a word alone with you," and taking me aside, he added, "Now we are parting, and I am not making any capital out of the fact, I want to tell you why I came to you. I am a minister's son, and when I came to you had tasted no breakfast and had not a penny in the world, and knew not where else to turn. Good-bye—and thank you."

And over the river bridge and away to the pass up the hill the sturdy fellow strode on in the night. His father, a Presbyterian minister by Tyne-side, in the North of England, might well be proud of his son, whom failure could not daunt, and who was too noble to return home in need. From the Y.M.C.A. of Cape Town he wrote. He was looking for a chance to work his passage to Australia, but felt he must first write a letter of thanks for the moral



The Spot where we Parted ("Some four miles on the way we helped to carry his swag").

THE QUIVER

and material good he had received in our little dorp. Scotland's solitary representative honoured his birthplace.

The Afrikaner on Tramp

In this land, where workhorses and tramp wards are unknown, we occasionally meet an Afrikaner on tramp. In most cases he will be a cripple, carrying a letter of recommendation signed by the Predikant of the Dutch Reformed Church. That dignitary's name figures nowhere else in the list; other people's money is behind his signature.

And yet the main fault we find is not so much with the cripple's referee as with the reference. Round about that cripple's home gather uncles and aunts and relatives of more distant degree—a crowd of sponging idlers that look to the cripple to beg their support.

The Afrikaner has less cause to go on tramp than the immigrant. Should he get out of work he has relatives and friends to

"No" was on my lips in reply; but he was so evidently down at the heels that to help him a suit was produced, and the transformation he effected proved him a tradesman, if on tramp. Then he brought a dress. Could he use the Manse for his work? He succeeded remarkably in removing fruit-stains, and, bright with the promise of payment, turned out in a fearful thunderstorm to return the dress at the promised time. Alas! his effort to keep his word brought no material gain, and, like many another, he suffered apparently in vain for "truth's" sake. Soaked to the skin, and with tears in his eyes, he told how the young ladies had taken the dress, accused him of having spoilt it, refused payment, called him a vagabond, and threatened him with a claim for damages if he did not clear off.

Only a Tramp, but—

Not on our roads, after all, do we find our worst characters.

If there be a Judge in heaven, surely those young women who unblushingly joined in Church services on the Sunday, and were amongst the robbers of the poor on week-day, will hear again of their injustice to a helpless and lonely tramp.

That night we entertained our visitor, and in the morning provided him with a new suit that his chance of work might be improved, and thus sent him on his way. He had not pretended he was blameless. Drink had brought him low. But he was struggling, and the absence of the

smell of liquor about his person testified to recent abstinence. If such as he have sinned, they surely have suffered, and it is not for us to refuse work to the willing, or to question how the money is to be spent. To such we ought to give what God gives to us—a chance.

Later, at a town a hundred and fifty miles away, my host came in, with pity on his face and in his voice. He had met this



"Over the river bridge and away to the pass up the hill the sturdy fellow strode on."

fall back upon, while the outlander is soon out of his expensive boarding-house and is homeless; nor can he claim the sympathy the bi-lingual Afrikaner can expect. Still—outside the cripple class—odd Afrikanders have called at the Manse.

The Renovator of Clothes

A tall soldierly figure stood at the door. Had I an old suit he could renovate?

AT THE MANSE DOOR

very man, had known him from boyhood, and now told his story. A lovable but weak character, he had been discharged from the Cape Mounted Police, renounced by the lady to whom he had been engaged for years—a lady who was a Sunday School teacher in that town, but who could see little hope of his ever securing a home; and now he was adrift without love, without hope, without home; yet surely we may not add "without God," of one who would get

fellows digging; but in this pouring rain that is out of the question. I may tell you I do not believe your story, but I will give you the benefit of the doubt and pay your fare."

So we hied us to the station, and there, with great ostentation, he took out a pocket-book and, with a most businesslike air, said, "Let me enter your name. You will hear from me again."

Thus we parted, and the rogue passed on



Where I Met the Opium Victim (in Foreground).

drenched to the skin rather than fail to keep his word.

More often men from the Homeland would call. A favourite dodge would be the pretence of needing money to complete a train journey, and the most plausible rogue I ever met came one wet day. His story was this: he had two brothers, carpenters and builders, one at a port, the other at Johannesburg. The port brother had wired for him to return, as work had offered. At once he had started, but the Johannesburg brother, by some oversight, had given an amount insufficient for his fare, and here he was, stranded and far short of his destination. Could the minister loan the rest of the fare?—"only a loan, you know. I'm not a tramp, and will return it immediately."

"Well!" I answered. "You have me at a disadvantage, for I always set you

to lie and steal elsewhere, but not a whisper of him or of his doings was ever carried back to our little dorp or distant Manse.

One blond giant, professedly a Scandinavian, but clearly a professional English tramp, honoured us by calling. To him we assigned an outhouse, and, after the usual gardening, offered to get him work on the railway. But, to improve his prospects, his reverence first acted barber, trimming the shaggy yellow beard and shearing the long locks of hair. Trimmed and smartened in appearance, he interviewed the line inspector and was taken on, but within a month took himself off. Work and he could not agree.

Another De Quincey

But not all our tramps are roughs. Many have walked the more exalted ways of life.

THE QUIVER



A Typical Scene in the South African Bush.

With a few dashes of his brush, one would produce, on paper far from clean, a scene by the river. Years before he had produced art, copies of which had been viewed the world over. But the wonder was, why had his titled patrons deserted him? In choice language he described his life on the road. He would not sleep under a roof, but out under the trees. There in the bush he made his fire; and then, sweeping it aside, slept on the warm, dry earth. Before daybreak he was awake and watching for the coming dawn, and then painting its rosy glory.

The wonder as to what had brought him so low grew upon us, and when we learned that he had suddenly retraced his steps ninety miles the mystery deepened. Alas! like De Quincey, he was a victim of opium, and, half mad with the gnawing hunger he could find no local means to satiate, he had walked that extra 180 miles to replenish his opium supply.

Pat, the Chief Tramp

Ireland must be a great centre for Methodism. Judging by the number of Pats that come to the door of the Method-

ist Manse, it would seem that the Roman Church is scarcely found in that land.

Here is something to ponder for those who think the troubles of Ireland are external. The Irishman's chance in this land is equal to that of the Scotchman, and perhaps greater than that of the Englishman, for the racial antipathy that may deal hardly with the Englishman is often transformed to indulgence towards the Scotch or Irish; and yet the majority of my tramp friends have been Irish. Though our land is less patronised by the Irish than by the English or Scotch immigrant, from the Irish minority come the majority of our tramps.

Why does Pat so often fail? Not for want of education, for some of the best educated have been Irish. Not for want of talent, for the most talented have hailed from Ireland. Ah, Pat! you generous, easy-going, irresponsible wandering spirit—often, alas! lazy; you genius, yet lacking common sense; you dreamer, poet, artist, yet lacking the practical matter-of-fact nature of the Anglo-Saxon—of all our immigrants you most seem to need someone to care for you!

A CASTLE TO LET

By

Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS

CHAPTER XXIV

ESLER HOLDS OUT

THE girl's thin garments, like his own, were drenched with steam as though she had been immersed in water. Down the tunnel they were ascending came a distinct draught of air. While they were still moving, they were not so sensible of it; but when at last they paused, quite worn out, for a rest, the wind blew keenly upon their damp bodies through their summer clothing. Camiola shivered involuntarily.

"We had better not stop here," said Esler uneasily, "we shall catch our death."

"Oh, please let me stop," pleaded the girl's voice meekly. "I—I don't quite know why, but I feel as if I could not move. The—the awful thing can't get us here, can it?"

"No, no," he answered, "we are safe enough here, I am sure."

"Then I must wait—a little," she almost whispered. "I will go on soon—as soon as I can."

He looked round. Presently he spied a recess in the rock where they would be screened from the down-draught which traversed the chimney.

Stooping down and feeling the ground, he found that it was covered with a dry and faded moss. He led her thither, and made her sit down. Then, unfastening the rucksack, he took out her coat and wrapped her in it. He produced a flask of wine, and made her drink. She did so obediently. He filled up the cup and drank himself, where her lips had touched.

That did him good, and he began to collect his thoughts, and to try and decide what he must immediately do.

The shoot, some way up which they were now situated, was in shape rather like the trumpet of a gramophone, widening out immensely at the mouth. The Gaura Draculuj at that height was at least twice as wide as it was on the level of the cave floor. The water must spread so far when it

reached the lip of the shoot that he thought it almost certain that it could not rise much higher, especially as it must by now be escaping, to some degree, through the low tunnel of entrance. They had ascended at least a hundred feet up among the loose stones; and he was so utterly exhausted by his recent effort that his very limbs were shaking.

Above them, as he could see by turning the beam of his torch upward, the tunnel grew much smaller. He looked doubtfully at the girl, who was leaning against the rock, quite motionless, but with widely opened eyes, which seemed to see something invisible.

"Fräulein," he said softly, speaking in German now, "do you feel ill?"

She turned then, and looked at him fully, passing her hand over her brow. "There is such a pain in my head," she faltered. "What has happened? I am so cold and wet."

He took his own coat out of the rucksack and approached her. "I am going to climb higher, and see what is up there," he said reassuringly, though he was devoured with a terrible anxiety. "Meanwhile, you lie down here and rest. You are perfectly safe. Have you your own lamp?"

She had it with her, but on account of the powerful light of the motor lamp she had not needed hitherto to use it. She now produced it, and he fixed it alight.

"I won't leave you in the dark," he said. He scraped up handfuls of the dry moss and withered vegetation—remains of some inundation—which grew in the depression of the rock, and made her a sort of pillow with the empty rucksack laid over them. Then, bidding her lie down, he covered her with his coat, and, promising to return as quickly as he could, he went on up the shaft. For some distance it was large enough for him to walk upright. Then he had to creep, and the pain of his hands made his progress severely penitential. The fresh, cool air which blew down convinced

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him that he was not following a blind alley; and before very long he had wriggled himself out of a jagged-edged hole, and saw the stars.

He returned with a lightened heart, and much quicker than he had gone. He had been away about half an hour.

He found Camiola sleeping deeply and calmly. She was curled up in what looked like a restful attitude, and appeared both warm and comfortable. If she was safe, it seemed more humane to leave her where she was. To ascertain whether this was wise, he crept carefully down all the way to the lip of the shoot, and found the volume of steam less. He could still hear the water, and the heat was still great, but he was practically certain that not only had the flood not risen since he last examined it, but that it had perhaps fallen slightly.

If it had not risen, it was fair to assume that it would not now come any higher. No doubt it had, by its own force, washed a passage clear for itself below, and was now escaping almost as fast as it rose.

Once more he dragged himself back to the niche where he had left Miss France. Still she slept, and he felt it might be unwise to awaken her. She had suffered acute shock, and nature was avenging herself. He sat stiffly down, his back propped against a rock, his arms folded.

The rays of the lamp showed him her delicate little profile, which looked very young and soft and childish in the relaxation of sleep. Her hair lay in rings, damp on her white forehead; her lashes showed dark and thick upon her pale cheek.

For some minutes he sat, chin propped on hand, gazing at her. Her failure of nerve had surprised him, but it had also given a new aspect to his feeling for her. She seemed a being in need of cherishing and tenderness. There was no trace at all of the spoilt, domineering heiress in this helpless, badly frightened girl.



With a little start Camiola awoke. For a long minute she did not know where she was, nor what had awakened her. She perceived a grey glimmer of twilight and two tiny green lamps at about the level of her own eyes. Lying without motion, she made out the shape of something that crept on all fours, something that showed patches of black and white—an animal of some kind. How came an animal, with

eyes that gleamed in the dark, in her own bedroom? She made a movement, lifted a hand; like a shadow the creature was gone, melting into the surrounding gloom.

Was she still asleep? Her pillow must have got pushed away, for she was cramped and stiff and aching. She raised herself cautiously into a sitting posture and felt about her. Though the light was dim, she could, after a while, distinguish objects, and by degrees her surroundings impressed themselves upon her.

She was sheltered in a niche, behind a projection of rock, and beyond that nook a rocky passage sloped upward, making a shaft down which there slanted a ray of faint light.

Quite near her Esler sat, his back propped against the rock, in the profound slumber of complete physical exhaustion. His electric torch was on his knee, his revolver lay under his hand.

He was very white, almost green, he wore only his shirt and knee breeches, and his hands were bound in bloody rags. His head was thrown back, showing the fine lines of his throat and the slope of the muscles along his athletic shoulders. She touched his hand. It was so icy cold that for a moment she feared he might be dead. His coat had been used to cover her, and she felt a movement of remorse which almost brought tears.

She snatched up the garment and wrapped it carefully about him, then hurriedly searched the pile of things he had taken from the rucksack, and found food and wine. Memory was alert now; she remembered all that had happened up to the moment of the incredible apparition of the Black Dragon. She recalled her own annihilating terror, the pounce of the wicked black head, the thundering noise, the blinding smoke—and a voice that had cried: "It's water! Boiling water!"

Boiling water! She sat back upon her heels, staring at him. How they had got to the place wherein they found themselves she knew not.

Her movements awoke him, and he sat up with a cry. "I—I've not been to sleep," he stammered confusedly; "only closed my eyes a minute—kept a look out!"

She turned upon him a look of affectionate reproach, shaking her head as at a froward child. "You kept me warm at your own cost," she said. "You are as cold as a stone, and I am much displeased."

A CASTLE TO LET

The blood rushed over his strained, white face. She was herself again—the Camiola he knew. Also, her thought was for him.

"I ought not to have slept," he stammered; "but since you are safe—" He made an effort to rise.

"Sit still," she said. "Drink this"—she held out the cup—"and tell me what you have done to your hands."

He was glad of the wine, and thanked her gratefully. "That's nothing," he added, glancing at his fingers; "they only got a bit chafed by the rope. We had to climb, you know."

Camiola sat staring at him remorsefully. "Oh, Esler, what did I do? I, who guaranteed my nerve. Did I faint?"

"Do you remember what happened?" he asked curiously.

She puckered her brow in an effort to recall exactly what she did remember. "I saw—I saw the dragon," she whispered. "It's head came shooting out of the pit, with a very long neck—yards long! There was smoke and heat, and it struck the opposite wall, and you called out: 'It's boiling water!'" She looked at him curiously. He seemed just as usual, allowing for his pallor and the most unusual disorder of his appearance.

"Well," he said, "what next?"

"I hardly remember. I suppose I must have fainted. When I first remember anything I was tied to you, and you were undoing the knots. My head hurt, and I was wet. Did I fall into the water?"

"Thank God, no. If you had"—suddenly his voice broke, he leaned forward and hid his face in his hands—"if you had—"

After a pause she whispered: "Was it really boiling water?"

"Yes."

"What became of it?"

"It rushed into the cave, and filled it



"He bent over the grubby little fingers"—p. 818.

Drawn by
A. C. Michael.

with a sort of whirlpool. The force was so tremendous that I suppose it could not find its way out. It rose and rose—"

She drew a long breath. "We have been in terrible danger."

"As near death as any two could be without dying," he answered. And after a long, solemn silence he asked wistfully:

"Can you forgive me?"

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"Forgive you? For saving my life?"

"For bringing you into such awful danger."

"The danger was my doing," she answered. "The rescue was yours."

"To put it like that is just your angel-goodness." He was too much moved to say more.

Presently she spoke again. "At least, we have pierced the heart of the mystery," she began, then checked herself and gave a cry so sudden and piercing that he sprang to his feet, thinking the water must be rising still. "Oh, I beg your pardon, I could not help it; the thought struck me like a stab! *Was that what happened to them—* to those poor souls who were lost?"

He knelt down and spoke soothingly. "Obviously it was what happened to them, only the guide on that occasion did not, I suppose, do the trick as thoroughly as I did last night. There must be a boiling spring down there, and I stopped up its course. It collected in the tube, and was thrust up by the enormous pressure of the water behind. Yes, the same thing doubtless happened then. They were caught like rats in a trap. The water rushed up, swept round, gathered them all in, and then, having somehow got rid of the obstructing stone, sank again, with them in its clutches, leaving only the silt and fine sand deposit behind it. Its own fierce heat dried everything up, so that two days later there was no sign of anything having happened out of the way."

"No, no," she sobbed, wringing her hands, "that's too awful! I can't believe it! Oh, think what a death! What a death! . . . And those poor little bits of things you found!"

"Yes. I suppose during those weeks that I did not come here—at the time when my box was washed away and the new deposit came up—there must have been an overflow of some kind. It was in the springtime, when all the streams are flooded, and something must have got into the hot spring which partly stopped it up for a few hours. I expect it was then that a bit of rock gave way down below and let the bones through into that cave where Conrad went."

There was no answer but her tears.

"Fräulein, it must have been a quick death—very rapid; they cannot have been for long in pain," he suggested pleadingly.

"And that is the death we only just escaped last night?" she cried.

He assented.

"Let us be quiet a minute and thank God," she sobbed.

So they knelt side by side in silence for a while, and she managed to subdue her weeping.

"What time is it now?" she whispered presently.

He found his watch unbroken in his breeches pocket. "I wound it up before we started," he remarked. "It is now a quarter past five."

"How are we going to get home?" she asked.

"We can get out up above, Fräulein. I ascertained that, before betraying my trust and sleeping at my post. Even if the water has gone down, which I doubt—I am afraid I stopped it up too completely—we could not descend that way without very great difficulty. But before we set off, I will go and look down and see what is happening."

"Let me come too," she begged. And they rose and descended the shoot together as far as the edge.

All below them was dark as Erebus, but they could hear the slapping and clucking of water. Esler held his torch as far out as he could, but only curling mist was to be seen. "I'm afraid the motor lamp is gone," he avowed regretfully. "I intended to go back for it, but I was too late; the water reached it first."

"Esler," she cried passionately, "how could you do it? How could you get me up this place?"

"I don't know. I was half mad, I think. The courage of despair," he returned with a curious smile. "Come, let us get home as fast as we can."

He rose and pointed up the shaft.

"See! There is a perceptible beam of light coming down! The hole is big enough for you to be able to get out, and I think I know about where we shall find ourselves. But before we start let us eat some breakfast."

They went back to their niche, and while she spread out the food she told him how she had been awakened by the visit of a weird black and white person with green eyes.

"A badger," he told her; "there are plenty hereabouts, and they bite like fiends. I am glad he was afraid of you! Luckily they are the shyest beasts ever made. But it makes me all the more ashamed to think that I fell asleep while on guard."

A CASTLE TO LET

"I don't wonder you did! Tired is a poor word to express what you must have felt."

"Oh, it wasn't tired! It was the horror! I don't mean the horror of the thing itself, but your collapse and the dread lest I should not be able to save you. For a time I really did think we were hopelessly trapped and should share the fate of those others."

"I can't think what happened to me," she said wonderingly.

"You said your head pained you. I was horribly alarmed. I thought the shock had been too much for your brain. Have you any pain in your head now?"

"A bad headache, but those I often have. Food will do it good."

They sat down accordingly, ate and drank, and felt immeasurably refreshed. When they had done, Esler packed up all with his accustomed neatness, though he could really hardly use his hands. Camiola, who had a length of bandage with her in the little wallet she carried at her waist, urgently begged to be allowed to bind them up more scientifically, but he refused on the ground that the blood had now caked upon them, and would be better undisturbed until the wounds could be bathed.

She gave in, and they set out to breast the slope. The loose stones made it a nasty climb, and when the hole grew small it was anything but pleasant going. The air and the increasing light, however, cheered her on, and at last they emerged into the glorious pearly dawn, on a desolate mountain side, whereon Camiola, by herself, would have been hopelessly lost.

Esler, however, knew his bearings, and after a long scramble, during which they were obliged once or twice to retrace their steps, they came out upon the path to the summit, a little above Mezo Bolo, whence the descent home was easy.

They sat down to rest for a few minutes beside the way, for they had been doing strenuous work, and had been obliged to face some awkward bits of scrambling which he would have wished to spare her.

They both looked more natural now—the colour had come back to Esler's face, and Camiola's eyes had lost their pathetic stare. They were both oddly dishevelled, and their clothes, hands and faces caked with whitish mud and flecked with green smears.

There had been a long silence between them, when suddenly the girl turned to him and spoke in a puzzled way:

"But you said it in English!"

He jumped perceptibly. "I beg your pardon, Fräulein?"

"You said: '*It's water! It's boiling water!*' I know you did; I remember it clearly."

He smiled, looking down at his knees. "It is my misfortune that I have no English," he said primly.

Camiola contemplated him. He had not changed colour, and he sat quite still. His mouth was set obstinately.

The tears rushed into her eyes. She turned her head from him, and tried to swallow them down. After all they had been through together, after their having looked death in the face, still he shut her out, still he lied to her, still he acted a part before her.

She had been through a great deal, was exhausted, and not quite mistress of herself, and she trembled on the brink of an outburst. She controlled herself, however. She had her pride. Slipping down from the stone whereon she sat, she told him briefly that she was going on.

They proceeded in silence some short way. Then Esler paused. "We must leave the path here," he said, "and go through the wood—that is, if you wish to get in by the secret stair without being seen."

She followed him, with a bare assent, and went on, still not speaking. She could see that her silence disturbed him, for he several times looked anxiously, half pleadingly, at her. She disregarded this completely, and thus they passed together through the fairy-land of the birch wood, while the sun peeped over the peaks and slanted down upon the beauty of the Identhal.

Suddenly Camiola paused and gave a little cry.

He was going before in order to be ready to help her in steep bits of the descent, and he looked back quickly. "What is it?" he asked anxiously.

"A sudden, sharp, mysterious pain," she faltered in English, holding her hand to her side.

"Where?" he cried in German.

Camiola threw back her head and laughed tauntingly in his face.

"So I have proved you a liar," she said bitterly. "I spoke in English, and you understood perfectly. Not that it matters much. Only it is as well to be sure."

He was for a moment overcome. He hung his head, while the crimson colour rushed

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to his face. Then he made a passionate gesture.

"Yes, it is true," he said quietly in English. "I am a liar and a hypocrite. I do both speak and understand English."

"Then why," cried Camiola, "why conceal it? What was the good of such a thing?"

"You saw me as a peasant," he muttered sullenly. "You took me for a peasant. I wished you to do so, and I knew that as long as I spoke only German you would not detect that I was something different. If you heard me speak English, as now, you would have known—you must have known—that I do not belong to the lower classes; and as I am living like a workman, earning only a workman's wages, it was intolerable to my pride that you should know me for what I am. It was still more intolerable that the other men should. I thought I could carry it through all right. I would have done, only——"

"Only what?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Only something happened which I had not foreseen," he remarked grimly. "Now you have dragged out my secret, and you can give me away to the others."

"If you want me to respect your confidence," she said, "you should confide in me. On the contrary, you have done all you can to deceive me."

"That is not quite just. I have kept from you only my private concerns. I have served you as faithfully as I could. I cannot see that it really matters to you whether I speak English or not."

She stood listening, and her lip quivered. "I will try," she remarked, "not to take any interest in you, since that, apparently, is what you do not like."

He made a small sound, indicative of distress, but did not speak for a minute. At last he said, as if to encourage himself: "It is only for another week."

She looked up. "Another week?"

"I am going away," he murmured, staring at the ground.

Camiola felt a most disconcerting sinking of the heart. "Going away in a week?"

"Yes. I have a job—a better job. I am leaving my—aunt. You will not, I hope, be inconvenienced by my going. I have arranged with the under gardener to do my work here."

Camiola went slowly onward as if her feet moved mechanically, without her will.

There had come to her a flash of insight, and she saw clearly that Esler had much better go—the sooner the better.

"If that is so," she told him, "there is no more to be said. I shall repeat nothing of what you inadvertently allowed me to discover just now. As you point out, it is no concern of mine."

"That is like your usual goodness," he said humbly. "I owe you more than I could repay in a lifetime."

"I think you repaid it last night," she replied coldly. "I fail to see what I have done for you in any way. I have wanted to help and sympathise, but you have shut me out."

Even as she spoke she was telling herself how unwise she was to talk to him like this.

"Yes," he replied huskily. "I have shut you out, I am glad to say. It has been hard, but I have done it. I thought to-night would be the last time, and that I could go on doing it, just till this morning." He took a great breath, and looked at her with hard, flashing eyes and a heightened colour. "In spite of what has happened to-night I am going to hold out still," he said, very low. "You wouldn't have me behave like a—like a—cad?"

She met his look. Something passed between them—some message—she hardly knew what. She only knew that he was offering her the chance of safety, that the present moment was fraught with danger, that she was weak, and that he was taking pity on her weakness. To-morrow she would be glad—yes, glad to have been saved from madness.

"You are right," she said, almost inaudibly. "You and I have nothing to say to each other."

"Good-bye," he muttered breathlessly.

They were not home yet, but she knew what he meant. All was to be finished now. She gave him her hand. He took it, raised his cap from his curly fair head, and bent over the grubby little fingers. She felt his lips, gentle and considerate.

Then, with a slight bow, he let fall her hand, replaced his cap, turned his back, and went on.

Camiola stood rooted to the spot and watched the young man's lithe, handsome figure until he disappeared round a bend in the road. Then, with a sigh, she dragged her weary feet home, pondering on the great happenings of that night.



"It was a party worthy of the old traditions of Orenfels which descended the stairs to dine that night"—p. 823.

Drawn by
A. C. Michael.

THE QUIVER

CHAPTER XXV

RED BROCADE

"A QUARTER to eight, miss," observed Marston, flinging back the casement curtains and letting in the glory of the morning.

"Oh, Marston, please draw those curtains! I can't bear the light! My head aches like anything!"

"Why, what is the matter? You were very well last night?" demanded Marston in displeasure, coming to the bedside. "Shall I bring you some aspirin?"

"No, thanks. I got up and took some a while ago. Give me a cup of tea; that will do me more good than anything, and I won't get up for an hour or so. A little extra sleep will put me right."

Marston laid her hand upon the girl's forehead, and remarked that she had no fever. "But what in the world have you done with your arm?" she cried in consternation, pointing to a long mark, partly cut, partly graze, partly scratch, which streaked the white flesh for several inches.

"Perfectly disgusting," said Camiola fretfully. "I did it against the bedpost, reaching over in the dark. I didn't know it was so bad!"

"Dear, dear—there must be a nail in the wood," fumed Marston. "However came you to be so clumsy? Did you knock your head against it too? Here's a nasty little cut on your forehead."

"Oh, I did that yesterday against a rock in the garden. It never rains but it pours, you know, Marston. Did you ever in your life knock yourself about, that you did not infallibly repeat the process within the next few hours? Oh-h-h, I do feel so stupid! Pour out my tea and let me go to sleep again."

"I'll just get some hot water and bathe that nasty scratch," said Marston, as she prepared the hot and fragrant cup. "It looks quite angry, that it does, and a nice thing it would be to have your arm scarred just above the wrist where it shows so badly."

She moved about the room, preparing a fomentation, and finding lint and boracic ointment. "Goodness me, how you carry up the mould and such out of the garden, miss! Here's a lump of soil on your nice rug as big as a walnut."

"Oh, Marston, what a fuss you are making this morning just because I tell you

I feel seedy! Do please leave off talking and draw the curtains."

Marston obeyed with an ill grace. She did not like her young mistress to have headaches. It was unlike her. She finished her bandaging of the arm, and went on into Miss Purdon's room to grumble to her of the fluctuating condition of Miss France's health and temper.

Camiola sipped her tea, with wide eyes that saw nothing outwardly. She was confronting all the time, in thought, the set lips and obstinate jaw of a young man who was going away in a week.

Why, she asked herself, had she been so weak, so ineffectual? Why had she not insisted upon an explanation from him?

She knew that it was because she was overwhelmed with a torrent of sensations to which, so far, she had been a stranger. The ground had been giving way under her feet. Her gay confidence in life, her absorption in the present moment, her vehement interest in the Black Dragon, and the secret of the Great Disappearance—all alike were whelmed and smothered under the weight of this new emotion which was tearing at her heart strings.

What Esler had said was true. As long as she took him for a Transylvanian peasant she had been safe. No amount of interest, however keen, in a peasant would have struck her as dangerous—as likely to interfere for a moment with her peace of mind. When he spoke to her as an equal—using her own tongue with the ease of a native and the purity of a gentleman—all was changed.

They were faced with a problem, and he decided that it was better for her not to resolve it. He took the decision into his own hands—he assumed the responsibility. He was going away, and she knew it was because he dared not stay. "*I thought tonight would be the last time—I am going to hold out.*"

The words rang in her ears. They told her, without explicit confession, that the fascination he had from the first exerted over her had been mutual. His apparent hostility, his coldness, his reticence, had been only the armour which he wore—the shield he interposed between himself and her.

He was an Englishman here in obscurity; it followed, then, in hiding. This thought brought an uncomfortable colour to her face. What could an educated Englishman

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be doing in this remote spot, passing as a peasant, passing as Frau Esler's nephew?

There must be something to account for such a state of things. Who could he be? It seemed most unlikely that Frau Esler would do for any casual stranger what she was doing for this young man. He could not really be her nephew. Then who was he? Could he by any chance be a member of the other branch of the family?

Otho had told her that his mother had an elder sister, who married what he described as an English Predikant named Westonhaugh. She had been boycotted by her aristocratic family in consequence. Could this young man be her son?

A moment's reflection showed this to be a most unlikely conjecture. Mrs. Westonhaugh had displeased her family by her marriage, but it was a valid marriage for all that. If young Esler were her son, then he was heir of Orenfels in place of Otho, and there seemed no conceivable reason for his concealing his identity.

No, that was nonsense. He must be something different. She could only suppose that he was a social outcast of some kind, who, seeking a hiding-place, had come upon Orenfels, and had so kindled the affections of Frau Esler that she consented to pass him off as her nephew and give him an asylum. The spot was so isolated that they might well look upon the risk of discovery as but slight. The theory accounted for the Frau's avowed displeasure when the castle was let, her unwillingness to allow Esler to come into contact with the English visitors, and so on.

Then there broke upon Camiola's mind the fact of the concealed woman who had been ill. In immediate succession to this, the doctor's visit, the cry of the newborn infant which she had heard.

The answer to a part of her puzzle stared her in the face. Esler was a married man. The child was his child. She remembered the exultation with which he had answered her inquiry as to the health of the patient. She remembered his face as she had seen it in her dream, full of joy and triumph.

No wonder he had felt that the intercourse between himself and her must cease! She had shown him—yes, actually shown him—glimpses of what she felt! Her hands clenched, her face crimsoned as she thought of this. She flung herself prone upon her pillows, hid her eyes, shook with mortification and rage. She wished with all her

heart that Otho had not taken it upon himself to go away just at that time! She would have engaged herself to him within the next few hours had he been at hand! She was filled with a wild desire to announce herself as engaged and see how Esler looked, how he took it, if it hurt him!

Ah, what a fool she was! How she had put herself into this man's power! How she had let him see—what?

She went feverishly back in memory, through the incidents of their acquaintance, through the hours they had passed together. She came to the conclusion that if she had betrayed her feeling it was not to the same extent to which he had betrayed his.

He had owned his temptation. Hers may have been implied, but it was not admitted. For this, at least, she was grateful to him.

What now remained to do was to forget him as fast as possible and to cultivate Otho. She could not but believe that she might have Otho if she chose to give the necessary encouragement. In their last walk together he had sought an opening not once, but repeatedly. Next time he should have better luck.

In reflections of this kind she lost herself. They blotted out the memory of the strenuous hours passed in the cave. The horrible solution of the mystery, which they had demonstrated so unexpectedly, faded into the background of her thoughts.

She wrestled only with the detestable fact that there had sprung up within her a feeling of surprising strength, and that this feeling must be stamped upon, crushed out, abolished. How could such a state of mind have come about?

She suspected that no future affair could have the poignancy of this—that the man she would marry, whoever he might be, could never awaken in her such intensity of feeling as had been called to life by this man she could never marry.

"So all the wretched novels are right," she thought despairingly. "They always tell you this. I am supposed to be free to choose, to be able to marry as pleases me best. And it is a vain boast. I cannot marry as I choose. I shall probably end by marrying someone to whom only half of me, or less, can ever belong."

It sounded very tragic, so tragic that it brought the tears flowing.

Camiola woke about midday, feeling more normal. She drank some soup, had her

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bath, and dressed. She would not admit Marston until she had clothed herself completely, for her body bore marks of more abrasions and bruises than could be at all accounted for by any amount of ingenious fibbing.

She had taken the precaution, when she crept into her room that morning, to brush out her hair and pick the bits of moss from it. But Marston, as she smoothed and coiled it, paused now and then to examine the white scalp in a most annoying way, and once contemplated something in the brush so earnestly that Camiola grew quite nervous.

The maid said nothing, however, and about a quarter of an hour before the lunch horn blew the mistress of the castle strolled out upon the terrace.

She was greeted with welcoming shouts. Mizpah, it appeared, had heard from Otho, and he said he had secured his leave and should be back by Monday next.

Camiola, with joy, seized upon this method of diverting her thoughts. Since the return of von Courland was assured, she would send out her cards for the party at once.

Camiola then decided that she would make an early start the following morning with Reed, take the car, and go to Hermannstadt, to order all that she needed in the way of decorations and provisions such as were not procurable in Ildestadt. This, she thought, would be an excellent opportunity for replacing the lost acetylene lamp. There was a motor garage of a kind there where some things could be procured.

The whole party, after lunch, proceeded up to the garret floor, to reconnoitre and decide exactly what Herr Neumann must be asked to supply.

Camiola, on this occasion, merely asked Frau Esler for the key, which was very grudgingly handed over. The party made a great noise, and Conrad rushed up and down the passages, and swung from the beams of the roof in the loose-boxes, as he called them. The baby, however, made no sound; it slept through everything.

In the course of their discoveries they came upon a chest in which the key had been left. Camiola, opening it, found it to be full of clothes.

Upon being taken out and unfolded they proved to be court dresses of the early eighteenth or late seventeenth century. There were three complete costumes for men

and three for ladies. Camiola was inspired by the idea of dressing up in them for dinner that night. Eagerly she took them out, one by one, and eagerly the others examined, appraised them, and held them up to see whom they would best fit. Even Bassett was quite enthusiastic on the subject.

At the very bottom of the chest Camiola came upon a red gown. It was of brocade, and was of a different fashion from the others, which were sacque and petticoat costumes. This was in fashion more like the style which we used to call "princess"—clinging tightly to the figure as far down as the hips, and flowing thence in folds.

The funny thing about it was that Camiola felt sure she had seen the dress before—even that she had worn it. She knelt there, with the thing in her hands, smoothing it over, and recalling to herself the fact that she had litted the flowing train, and put it over her arm, on some occasion which she remembered perfectly.

Then suddenly she knew. It was in her dream. When Esler had entered her room by the secret door, and she had arisen from bed and followed him, she had worn this brocade gown. That seemed incredible.

She looked wistfully from one of the girls to the other, from Irmgard, her own devoted friend, to Betty, who was growing dear to her, and wondered why she could not tell either of them about this curious dream or about her knowledge of the red gown.

Her decision that this was the one she would wear was greeted with delight by the others, for both Betty and Irmgard were wildly anxious to see themselves in sacque and petticoat. They decided to wear powder, and do the thing properly, and presently flew downstairs to call Marston and the nice girl, Rahula, who waited upon the two young ladies, and see what tuckers or stitches were necessary to make the dresses wearable.

Of the three, Camiola's red brocade turned out to be the one that fitted the best. Camiola decided that powder could not be worn with a gown of that shape, but that her hair should be clubbed at the back of her neck with a black velvet bow.

The fortunate find kept them interested and busy all the afternoon, and by degrees the stiffness of Camiola's limbs wore off, and she regained some of her elasticity, both of body and mind. They had tea upon the lawn, and afterwards lay about on the

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"Marston! What do you mean?"—p. 824.

*Drawn by
A. C. Michael.*

grass, reading novels until the time came to go and don the costumes feloniously abstracted from the family stores.

It was a party worthy of the old traditions of Orenfels which descended the stairs to dine that night.

Esler, who had not appeared all day, was at his post at the buffet as they came down, and Camiola, without seeming to look at him, saw him grow perfectly white and watch her descent as though he had received a violent shock.

"Hallo, Esler," cried Conrad loudly, "don't fall off your perch with horror because the girls have been thieving! You shouldn't let them loose up there in the garrets among the old chests!"

"Conrad!" said Mizpah reprovingly, "be quiet. You know perfectly well that Captain von Courland would be only too delighted to see his family costumes set off to such advantage. Had I not felt absolutely sure of his consent, I should have begged Camiola not to use the things."

"I don't see that his consent much matters," replied Camiola carelessly, almost

recklessly. "He can't kill us because we have dressed up in these old things. He need never know, in fact, that we did it."

"Oh, but I should like to see Otho, too, dressed up," cried Conrad eagerly. "There are some more things in another chest, 'Miola, and I want to have another dress-up evening when he comes back to celebrate the occasion."

"That's quite a good idea, Con," cried Camiola. "Captain von Courland has just the face and figure to look well in these clothes."

"Yes, hasn't he?" cried Betty, and checked herself, blushing.

"I shall be very pleased when he returns," remarked Miss Purdon. "We seem to be an incomplete party without him."

She privately thought that the state of matters was clearly proved by Camiola's freakish behaviour. If the affair really was to come off, it would be as well to take it philosophically.

That evening, while the young people were playing "Coon-can," Miss Purdon had occasion to go to her room for something.

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She heard a movement in Camiola's room, the door of communication being open, and after a minute Marston came to the entrance and said in a low voice:

"Come in here a minute, miss."

Mizpah went in. Upon a table Marston had laid out the clothes in which Camiola had been to the Gaura Draculuj. There was a skirt simply caked with dirt, and stiff and wrinkled as though it had been wringing wet. There was a pair of boots scratched, muddy, and still damp. There was a knitted coat, clammy and smeared with the greenish moisture which runs off trickling walls—torn also, and what Marston described as "thoroughly messed up."

"I think, miss, it is only right I should show you these," said the woman in a low voice. "All this has been done between the time Miss France went to bed last night and the time she got up this morning."

"Marston! What do you mean?"

"They were pushed away, miss, down in a corner of her wardrobe, and I should not have found them but I was looking for something else. When I came into her room this morning, she wouldn't let me draw back the curtains, and she had a long cut on her arm and a bruise on her forehead. Her basin was full of dirty water, and her hair, when I brushed it later on, had bits in it—bits of that stuff you see on trees, miss. What do they call it? Lichen, yes, that's it. Now where has she been and what had she been doing to get herself in such a state? Can she go out alone at night upon these mountains? Why, she might be killed—fall down one of these precipices, and nobody the wiser."

"Do you mean to tell me that Camiola left the house in the night and got her clothes in this state?" said Miss Purdon, unable to believe her ears.

"She must have done, miss, unless somebody else uses her clothes. All these things

were hanging in her wardrobe yesterday evening, brushed and tidy."

Miss Purdon sat down, eyeing the forlorn garments helplessly. "How extraordinary!" she repeated vaguely. "Where could she go, and why?"

Marston hesitated. "If you please, miss, I am not one to repeat gossip; but Reed, he says that young Esler borrowed the big acetylene motor lamp off him yesterday and has not brought it back."

"Young Esler!"

"Yes, miss. If Miss France does go out at night, I think we may take it as certain that she does not go alone. Of course, miss, I know it is all right—she is a young lady with a dignity of her own; it is the danger I am thinking of, if she goes into places where she gets herself in such a state."

Miss Purdon went downstairs again in a bewildered condition of mind. Camiola, she supposed, was on the track of the Black Dragon. It was a curious, she now thought a significant, fact that of late the girl had been silent on the subject. Bassett had not said anything to Mizpah of the suspicious of young Esler which Neville had imbibed from General Maldovan. She was not uneasy on that account, but the idea of the girl's secret nocturnal expeditions gave her a little shock. Every now and then she came upon some such evidence that she did not understand Camiola and had never enjoyed her confidence.

She advised Marston to say nothing at all upon the subject, either to Miss France or to anybody else; but she herself determined to speak a word to Mr. Bassett as soon as she could get a convenient chance. She had noticed, at dinner, as Esler handed plates, that his fingers were bound up as though he had injured them. If he was really taking Camiola, at night, into dangerous places, it must somehow be stopped.

[END OF CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE.]



"BUT I SAY UNTO YOU"

Concluding Article in the Series, "Can Man Abolish War?"

By HAROLD BEGBIE

MEN have gradually come to see that there is a sum of human morals, a total of man's ethical ideas, which may be called the General Will of humanity.

No one is so *apache* as to think that individual sovereignty can be independent of State sovereignty. It is as obvious as anything in this world that the freedom of the individual must be subordinated to the freedom of the community. And from this limitation of individual sovereignty it is but a step to the limitation of national sovereignty. My neighbour must not steal my apples or my fowls. I am not an enemy of the State because I desire to keep my apples and my fowls to myself; nor is my neighbour punished by me for stealing them; he is punished by the State, in its own interests, because stealing is against the general interests of the State.

Not Enough

And so with nations. There is a general interest of the world; and to safeguard that general interest the nations begin to draw together, like individuals in a State, framing international laws, making international arrangements, banding themselves together in order that these arrangements may be kept, these laws obeyed. This is a prodigious advance from the ancient anarchy of nations, but it is not enough.

Reflect upon the condition of Europe in 1914. In all the great capitals of the nations there resided diplomatic representatives of the other nations, making, as it were, in each place a microcosm of our western civilisation; the social life of Europe was a civilised life, full of kindness, hospitality, and courtesy; ambassadors called upon Ministers for foreign affairs as intimate friends, were entertained in friendliest manner by those Ministers, passed among the people with whom they lived as their well-wishers, behaved themselves as civilised and law-abiding citizens of Europe.

But suddenly this atmosphere of respectability, this fine air of Christian courtesy, was torn asunder by the hidden guns of these various nations. The state of Europe appeared at that moment to be not a civilised state but a disreputable and criminal state. It was as if my friend who has long lived next door to me in full neighbourliness and frank friendship, suddenly proclaimed himself at my dinner-table to be a burglar and a murderer, and fell upon me, striking me to the ground, killing my wife and children, seizing my goods, burning my house, and devastating my garden. Of a truth, as all men must now see, the General Will of Europe at that time was not so honest a will as the outward behaviour of her citizens proclaimed it to be.

What the Germans Feared Most

Yet, do not let us forget, there *was* a General Will. There was at that time in Europe a notion, however undefined, of a Public Opinion. And to this very day, only because all men are conscious of that Public Opinion, the belligerents dispute among themselves as to the origins of the War. The Germans protest that they did not begin it; their moralists, pastors, professors, journalists, and statesmen raise a great cry that the War was forced upon them; no sound comes from Bernhardt or from the children of Nietzsche and Treitschke, glorifying war and singing the insolent hymns of imperial aggression; nay, from the first moment of war, even when they looked for a swift and decisive victory that would give them the mastery of Europe, these German warriors swore themselves red in the face to be defenders of German nationalism, the rich prosperity of which (said they) had created wicked jealousy in the hearts of their neighbours; they were afraid, even the most dauntless imperialist and vilest cut-throat Pan-German of them all, not of the

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armies of France, not of the millions of Russia, but of the Public Opinion of Europe.

Nevertheless, this Public Opinion failed to preserve Peace. That of which the German racialist is afraid, even in its failure, lacked some essential strength before it failed to avert the barbarism and destruction of War; and it will lack that same element to make Peace lasting and secure after the War, unless we begin at once to supply it.

The Future of Civilisation

We come to this, that the future of civilisation turns upon the character of the General Will. If the General Will is for Peace the world will have Peace; but if, as it was before this War, the General Will is afraid of expressing itself definitely on this matter, if the individual leave to the Chauvinist and the cunning diplomatist the formation of Public Opinion, or if the nations follow in any manner the sloven and immoral policy of *laissez-faire*, then we may be confident that all about us nationalism will grow into imperialism, and that this imperialism, clashing with other imperialisms, will bring War. There is no hope for the world if its General Will is not inspired by a vigorous ethic. Morality is not an attitude; it is an action.

Is the general interest of the world War or Peace? If we answer that it is not War, but Peace, and if we sincerely mean what we say, and, saying it, hunger and thirst for this great Peace upon earth, then we must strive with all heroic might to make our desire a part of the General Will of humanity. We must *will* Peace. We must raise a clamour for Peace. We must cudgel our brains to consider how this general interest of the world can be secured. With the will for Peace must go the mind for Peace. The will for Peace is but a start, though a great start; it must be accompanied by hard thinking. How can this Peace be first got and afterwards kept?

Economic Arrangements Not Enough

A little thinking tells us that to seek an economic assurance for Peace is more likely to bring us another box on the ears from the iron glove of Mars. For consider how the pure nationalism of Italy grows visibly into imperialism, and how Serbia, traveling that same road herself, comes almost

instantly into clash with her ally. What economic arrangement can make these two nations of a like mind and satisfied with things as they are? And what economic arrangement can prevent individual Germans from lending their aid to the development of Russia, sowing in the Russian mind with an infinite patience the promising idea of an alliance with Germany? And what will come of the Russo-Japanese understanding as regards China—that mighty, unexplored, and quiescent empire, where labour is so cheap and so easily organisable? Do not rest in the idea of present friendships. The mighty bill of costs which War is now preparing to send into every nation at strife will have to be met. Each nation's main concernment, more urgent and imperious than anything else, will now be the increase of its revenues. Everywhere statesmen will be looking for markets, for customers, for organisers. He who can help towards a new market may be reckoned a good friend, whichever side he fought upon; and he who can most quickly develop the resources of a country, even though he belongs to those who laid it waste, may be called into counsel.

Is Another World Possible?

To trust to the present grouping of the nations, or to count on the impoverishment of Germany (as though Germany were the one enemy of peace) this is to court calamity.

Is another world possible? Is another world conceivable at all? Must there always be a growth from nationalism to imperialism on a planet too small for all nations to be imperial? Is it a law of nature that nation should strive against nation, that the rivalry of the merchant, the pressure of population, and the patriotism of the statesman should force the peoples of the world into murderous conflict? Must this terrible arbitrament go on?—this arbitrament which decides nothing? Or is another world possible? Is another world conceivable?

I invite you to consider, as citizens of the world, not as sentimentalists and not as pious disciples of the spiritual mysteries of our European religion, the social ethic of Jesus. It is important that you should bring to this consideration no bias of theology, no opinions on what we call the supernatural, no views, on one side or the other,

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concerning the history of the Christian Church. As citizens of the world, with your living to get and with a natural materialism as the solid foundation of your social life, I invite you to consider the suggestion made by Jesus of Nazareth for ordering the affairs of this planet. Let it be to you as if you were considering the suggestions of Plato in his "Republic" or the suggestions of Rousseau in his "Social Contract."

The World's Way

Jesus said that the way in which men were living their lives was a wrong way. He declared that this way led to unhappiness and must end in disaster. He said there was another way, and a much simpler way, in which men might live with real happiness and with a much greater sense of life. But although this way of His was much simpler, He confessed that it was so contrary to experience that a man must be born again before he could accept it as the way, the truth, and the life.

What was this way? It was the exact opposite of the world's way. The world's way is struggle for self-assertion, the conflict of my happiness with your happiness, the rivalry of my nation with your nation, the antagonism of my interests with your interests. The principle of this way is selfishness. Selfishness in the individual becomes nationalism in the State. The competition of Petticoat Lane spreads to the Persian Gulf and becomes the competition of England and Germany. The individual rivalry of men in one nation reflects itself in the international rivalry of states.

It is true that this struggle of the individual and his nation cloaks itself in the robes of civilisation, that the naked barbarism of it is hidden under these robes, and that, instead of the tribal war-cry, individuals and nations speak in the tones of culture of the laws of political economy. It is true, too, that individuals who live in this way often practise a noble generosity, and that nations whose existence is governed by this principle exhibit on occasion the spirit of brotherhood.

The Choice Must be Made

But Jesus said that even this division of service was disastrous. He laid it down as a categorical imperative that a man must serve God or Mammon. He said it is

impossible for a man to have two master ideas, impossible to walk on two roads, impossible to be both selfish and unselfish. Respectability, or Pharisaism, was the one thing that stirred the serenity of His nature into storm. He was not so much moved by the sins of the world as by its pretences, its falsities, its insincerities. He preferred an honest sinner to a compromising moralist. He saw that the dishonest moralist hindered the unhappy sinner from seeing the beauty and truth of the moral idea. And to Jesus, His interpretation of the moral idea, His way of life, was the one thing which could give peace to the world. Anyone who obscured that idea was an enemy. He gathered disciples about Him to spread the knowledge of this idea among foreigners as well as among His own people, and He named this idea of His "good news," desiring all men to hear it, for their happiness and for their peace.

The Ethic of Jesus

The social ethic of Jesus rests upon a spiritual foundation, and is inspired by faith in God and the continuity of life; but even as a social ethic exclusively it is worthy of consideration by statesmen and sociologists, and never more so than at this hour, when the ethics of Mammon or, if you will, the ethics of God plus Mammon, have brought the youth of Europe to the slaughter-house. Let us endeavour to state in a few words the nature and grounds of this moral obligation which we call the ethic of Jesus.

Civilisation had got so far in the days of Jesus as to be above the barbarism of more primitive times. Men said that it was wrong to kill, wrong to commit adultery, wrong to hate your neighbour. Indeed, the social ethic of that day was not very different from our own. But Jesus contrasted this self-satisfied civilisation with an ideal civilisation, and in so doing, by a few master-strokes in exposition, revealed its hollowness.

"Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill. But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment."

"Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery. But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart."

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"Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

The act of murder is nothing; it is the murderous thought which counts. The act of adultery is nothing; it is the dishonourable thought which counts. Love of those who love us is of no moral value; it is love of those who hate us that counts. Life can be cruel where there is no murder, evil where there is no adultery, and unlovely where there is friendship. A new attitude is needed. A new birth of the soul is required. Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also; and it is your heart that counts, not your profession, not your conformity to social standards, not even your morality, your philosophy, your religion.

On which Side?

It is you yourself, in the inward hiding-place of your spiritual reality, in your heart, in your essence, in your fact, that makes you worthy or worthless to the travail of creation. Do you in your soul serve God or Mammon? It is impossible to serve both. You are either selfish or unselfish. It is impossible to be both. You are seeking either your own good or the good of others; you are seeking either the greatness of your own nation or the greatness of other nations; you are achieving either the aims of antagonism or the aims of brotherhood. On which side is the total effect of your life? Are you selfish as an individual and selfish as a nationalist; or are you unselfish, a disciple of God—not a disciple of Mammon?

All this was delivered by Jesus, not as a sermon; it was proclaimed as a philosophy of life, a way of managing human affairs. It was His rendering of the moral obligation. He gave it to men as His contribution to their struggle after truth. "Ye have heard that it hath been said . . . But I say unto you—"

Not a Makeshift

Now it is of the first importance to observe that this social ethic has no hope of making its way as a compromise. It is not a makeshift; it is a totality. It is not a reconstruction; it is a new building. It can only succeed where it is put into effect

by the heart. A nation, for example, which in one and the same breath talks about "our old God" and "our destructive sword" cannot put this ethic into effect. But also, a nation which declares that it is fighting a righteous war, and at the same time takes steps to exclude its enemy from the markets of the world, cannot put this ethic into effect. Indeed, it must be said that the ethic of Jesus is utterly impossible during a war. It is an ethic which makes war impossible. The point I am endeavouring to make is that in reconstructing society after this calamitous War we must not seek to lift from the ground one pinnacle of the fallen towers of Mammon, but only the whole temple of God. I am suggesting that the ethic of Jesus should be tried for the first time. I am pointing out that it can only be tried in its totality, that it is the very nature of this ethic that it does not admit of compromise. We are back where we began, with the warning of Admiral Mahan.

The Ethic of Good Will

What is this ethic of Jesus in one word? It is the ethic of Good Will. It is the ethic of the cleansed and unselfish heart. Good Will is his principle. Everything in comparison with this Good Will is unimportant. We must love our neighbour as ourself, and do unto him as we would that he should do unto us. Good Will, this is the way of life. No judgments, no unforgiveness, no hatreds, and no selfishness; but Good Will. We have got to learn that the prosperity of one is not an injury to another, and that the essential brotherhood of man is the great central reality of this earth.

We have got to be earnest in seeking the good of our neighbour. We have got to desire with all our heart the safety, honour, and welfare of other kings and their dominions. We must abandon all our ancient prejudices, and all our racial instincts, and all our nationalistic vainglory. We have got to be born again, born into a new spiritual conception of mankind, born into the idea of selfless love, born into a new understanding of the moral obligation, born into the spirit of Good Will.

Nationalism, unless it be born again, must almost surely end in imperialism. But if nationalism be born again the desire of all good men is fulfilled; for then inter-

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national federation is achieved. Nationalism which is unselfish, which seeks the welfare of other peoples, which is inspired by spiritual and not commercial ideals, is already internationalism.

The Shadow of Approach

And this is no dream of visionaries, but has already thrown across the world the faint shadow of its approach. I think there is a beginning of it in the British Empire, where we may see men of the British Isles toiling under alien skies for the prosperity of races less advanced in technical knowledge, administering a fearless justice, befriending the outcast, creating for the first time in lands of apathy and pessimism an intelligent enthusiasm and a social conscience. But the shadow of this hope has grown less faint in the eyes of all mankind during the progress of War. It has deepened, it has become clearer in outline, and it has grown farther in reach, because of the moral earnestness and the spiritual loftiness of one just man. This is a matter which is worthy of reflection. It is, indeed, a main ground for our hope of Peace.

One by One, the Super-Men

At the beginning of this War the whole world, you will remember, seemed dominated by one vigorous and tempestuous personality. In no country under that autumn sky did any man stand out with so marked a force, so powerful an attraction, as the German Emperor. He was a Triton among minnows, the central world figure, the most clanging and strident individual on the stage of this old and patient earth.

But as the reality of War came home to the imaginations of men, this strutting Kaiser faded from the public attention, dwindled to less than a glittering theatricality, vanished at last into the smoke that surrounds the fiery cauldron of history. And in his place the German peoples, who cannot live without a man-god, set up their Hindenburg, striving desperately to overawe the world with a colossus, making great statues of him in wood, the man of blood and iron turned into the idol of timber and tin-tacks, hymns sung to him, journalists straining after drunken adjectives to express the wonder of him, and children,

who should have been playing in the fields, writing letters to him, praying him for an autograph.

But this super-man, master of good blunt phrases, a hardy warrior of the old type, and a solid strong man worthy of respect, failed either to overawe his enemies or to capture the interest of the world.

From Kitchener to Lloyd George

In England, the legendary Kitchener gradually losing power as the modern reality assumed normal shape, neither the graven rhetoric of Asquith nor the burning passion of Lloyd George made its way to the soul of mankind. That which inspired us at breakfast was forgotten by sunset. No Milton appeared amongst us. In France there was Joffre, a noble and patriarchal figure, very human and quiet, but with no magic, except for his little *poilus*. And in America there was Wilson, holding his peace. Look where we might over this whole world, brought to unparalleled calamity, and needing as never before the authentic voice of the heroic saviour of mankind, there was none among kings and generals, statesmen and preachers, whose face held all men's gaze, whose voice sounded to humanity like the voice of a god. We were conscious of our struggle as a struggle of the average man, Heaven aloof, neutral, and perhaps disdainful.

The Apotheosis of Wilson

But gradually, War moving swiftly from horror to horror, carnage on every side spreading its crimson pools across Europe, and the end nowhere visible, gradually men became aware of one in their midst whose vision was unblinded by passion and whose soul wrestled with the invisible forces of the world, silently seeking victory for righteousness and peace. At first this American on the other side of the planet angered Europe by his bloodless calm; and he had sinned in the beginning by mere silence when the initial murder of Belgium was consummated; and when he spoke it was to use phrases which stung to bitter rage those who felt justly that they were fighting his battles as well as their own; nevertheless, as the Kaiser dwindled and became nothingness, so this man, Wilson of America, became steadily, more and more, the one world figure of the world war.

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The historians dealing with the chronicles of our time will proclaim that the victory of humanity over inhumanity, the victory of reason over madness, the victory of gentle truth over foulest error, was won, not by this army or by that, but by one noble gentleman who served God when most others knelt at the shrine of Mammon.

As it stands at present, the proposal of President Wilson for a League of Nations to Enforce Peace cannot be held as the end of War. But I think no more hopeful beginning could be made for this great end if the warlike nations entering that League enter it with repentance in their hearts and a new vision of nationalism in their minds. The very fact of President Wilson's personal dominance is of good augury. It is the triumph of moral ideas. Humanity sees the folly as well as feels the agony of War. It is sick of Napoleons, big or little. The whole heart of the world cries out for Peace. Men know as they never knew before that War is irrational and ruinous. They begin to look away from economics, begin to wonder whether the moral idea is after all a practical idea, begin to rouse their reason for the work of reconstructing society. And in this mood, more and more do they look to that one man in America whose vision seems less cloudy than their own, and whose faith in the power of goodness is founded on a rock.

A World Conscience

Our problem is to give a moral character to the General Will. If once we can create in the world a conscience common to all the nations of the earth, if once we can get two or three of the greatest nations to live unselfishly, our problem will be solved. And my faith is strong that this is the destiny of the human race. I cannot believe that the forces which have carried us so far from the anarchy of tribalism are at this stage in human history to cease their operations. And if they are still active, their path must be, cannot be anything else but this, towards international federation. The sublime of liberty is only to be reached by loss of liberty. My personal liberty is limited by the liberty of the State in which I live; the liberty of the State in which I live is limited by the liberty of the world of which it is a member; and not until the liberty of the world is secure can my personal liberty become real and substantial.

There is but one peace, the peace of the soul, and it comes only through faith in the teaching of Jesus, that Good Will is the social ethic of mankind. "These things I have spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace." "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you." And St. Paul, perceiving the full wonder of this revelation, this new view of nationalism, this fresh vision of the world, proclaimed it to the foreigner: "But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh . . . For He is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us; having abolished in his flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances; for to make in himself of twain one new man, so making peace."

The Coming Kingdom of God

When we perceive that this teaching of Jesus was the practical teaching of a practical reformer—nay, that it was the inspired revelation of the greatest spirit that ever saw deep into the soul of man, we shall abandon all our vain efforts to make harmony out of discords, all our heartbreaking toil to establish Peace on the foundations of War, and, turning our backs once and for all upon the temple of Mammon, set our faces steadfastly towards the Kingdom of God.

Does not man in this dark hour, struggling in the ruins of civilisation, and breaking slowly, painfully free from the litter of the false faiths that have held him, cry out at last: "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God"?

If we would abolish War we must cultivate the Will for Peace, and the one way in which this cultivation can be accomplished is by each man and each nation living daily according to the social ethic of Jesus, living, that is, in the spirit of Good Will.

"Our plans, our hopes, our fears, must be regulated, not by things as they at first present themselves to us, but by those things rightly understood by reference to an ideal conception of a future which is to be framed by more perfect laws than the present." So said the great bishop, Mandell Creighton, preaching at Sandringham, with the German Kaiser among his hearers.



"He put a penny in quite readily"—p. 832.

Drawn by
Wai Paget.

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A Holiday Story

By BRENDA ELIZABETH SPENDER

IF anybody had told me that Uncle Ted was going to suggest that he and Helen (she is my sister) and I and Cousin Eddy and Cousin Tom should be Pierrots on the sands at Port Lucey this year with collections for the Red Cross, and Auntie Rosa, not a Pierrot, playing the piano for us, I should just have said that they were talking rubbish. That is, if they had said it before the War. Since the War began everything has been so upside down that nothing is quite impossible. When bills telling everyone about "The Port Lucey Patriotic Pierrots" had been out for three days, we had our first performance in the dry, sandy bit behind the bathing machines, and I think everyone in Port Lucey was standing round the fortunate people who had bagged the chairs, and the collection

was so good that Uncle Ted wanted to make a speech, only Auntie Rosa stopped him because it might have prevented them from coming again.

Of course, in a little place like Port Lucey there were not any soldiers stationed, so it was all the nicer to see a wounded Tommy, a man with his arm in a sling, and a jolly round badge in his cap, standing in front, only rather at one side, and I was awfully pleased because, as he couldn't very well clap and there was nothing but sand to stamp on, he managed to make an applauding noise by whacking the side of the stage with his walking-stick. I think it worried Uncle Ted, who had come to the conclusion, in the way fat people have of worrying about such things, that the stage wasn't very safe at the best of times; but I liked it because

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I soon found out that the wounded soldier hit out hardest when the person who Pierroted was Helen or me; but that isn't wonderful, because Helen is very, very clever, and the most beautiful person in the world, only she is almost always so grave that you might be a little afraid of her if her eyes did not get all warm and kind when she looks at you. Since the War began she has been graver still, and I am sure she would have gone to be a nurse or something grand if she hadn't to go on teaching to pay for my school and fiddle lessons because we have not got any father and mother.

I was carrying round the brass bowl we collected in at the evening performance, and there was the soldier again, and he put a penny in quite readily; but I told him it did not matter, and he could take it back again.

"If you knew," said the soldier—and by the electric lights the boys had fixed up round the stage, which happened just then to be doing quite nicely, I could see that he had jolly little blue eyes and a pleasant face—"if you knew how fed up I was until you and your lot came along, you'd see that it wouldn't be much to me to blow in my shilling a day on you if it wasn't for cigarettes. What's that young lady's name what's singing now?"

He jerked his head at Helen, who in her stick-out, shiny, black dress with the white ruffle and white pompons on it, and with red stuff on her cheeks and lips, did look lovely in an un-Helen-ish sort of way.

"That's Miss Viva France," I told him, which was the name she had chosen.

"She's a peach, and no mistake," said the soldier, and got red and then looked at me and added, meaning it kindly, "You're not so bad yourself for a little one."

Next morning I was out before breakfast for a bathe. The boys had had theirs earlier, and Helen didn't care for more than one a day; so I was alone, and when I had dressed and was sitting on the shingle, drying my hair a bit before tying it back, I heard a cough and a great noise of thick boots on the stones behind me, and there was the wounded soldier. Of course, I was awfully pleased to see him, and I asked him to come and sit down and tell me all about how he got his wound, because, being at school most of the time, I never had talked

to a real wounded soldier before, and I said how sorry I was to hear him coughing like that, and I hoped it wasn't a cold he'd caught at the front. He sat down and looked at his boots, and then at me, and then went red.

"Don't you know what I was coughing for?" he said at last.

"No. Is it your wound that makes you?"

He shook his head.

"If you was walking down a street and a young fellow started coughing behind you like that, wouldn't you know what it meant?"

I thought and thought, and then I said, "Consumption! Oh, I do hope it isn't that!"

He sighed so terribly that I was sure it must be, until he spoke.

"No; it isn't consumption at all. It's just a signal like—you must be very well brought up!"

"I am." I felt very glad that even outsiders could see how well Helen had done it. "My sister brought me up mostly herself—Miss Viva France, you know," I told him.

When he had got over his interest in hearing that, I made him tell me all about his wound.

He had a very difficult-to-understand way of putting things; but I managed to make out that he had been left lying wounded between the trenches, and his officer had crawled out and was bringing him in when a German sniper hit him and he couldn't even crawl any more, so they both had to lie out there in the blazing sun and be shot if they moved a finger until it got dark, and then the men were so fond of the officer that they came out in spite of the danger and got them both in.

"I suppose you're very fond of him, too," I said. It had been rather hard to tell which was the soldier and which was the officer; but now I had got them sorted out properly the story hurt my nose and I had to blink hard to keep the tears out of my eyes.

"I used to be fond of him, and no mistake!" The soldier, who had told me by then that his name was Private Petter, stopped twinkling his blue eyes, and looked sad. "Lieutenant Coleraine—he's the sort of young toff who wouldn't say a word about his girl to a fellow like me—or to

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anyone else for the matter of that—only having to let on about her to me that time when he was wounded, he don't mind me now, and being ill and all—well, he just lets fly. It's 'Petter, she's this,' and 'Petter, she's the other,' until he fairly gives me pains in my inside!"

"His girl?" I said. "Do you mean the lady he's going to marry?"

"As far as I can make out, they never kept company, but they will, if I can manage it for him."

"You?"

He nodded, staring gloomily out to sea at the little black streak which meant a destroyer far away beyond even the white line which is the Goodwin Sands; and while I sat there, just longing to ask him all about it, and half afraid that it might not be polite, I heard the breakfast-bell at our boarding-house, which they kindly ring out of the window.

"Oh, botheration, I've got to go," I said, "and I don't understand yet half what you have been talking about. How can you get Lieutenant Thingum-a-bob engaged?—it isn't likely."

"No, it isn't likely, but I've got to try, and there you are! Look here, will you be out alone again? I'll come along and tell you all about it—shall I?"

Petter's little blue eyes looked so friendly and eager that I couldn't have borne to hurt his feelings by saying "No," so said "Yes" instead, and then "Good morning," Petter said "So long," and I left him there staring after me as I clattered over the stones.

Every time I met Helen's eyes going all soft and kind for me, even when her mouth didn't smile, I felt a dreadful pig not to tell her all about Petter and me, and yet I simply couldn't do it because I was so curious, and I knew that Helen wouldn't think it nice of me to meet him and would say I had better not. To make it feel awkward and more secret still, he came to both performances and thumped and thumped at the side of the platform very hard for me, and so hard for Helen when she sang "Little Grey Home" that his walking-stick broke and the end flew off and hit a bathing-machine man on his waistcoat. Luckily it didn't hurt him, and everyone laughed; but I heard Helen and Madeline Gibson, who had come to dance

for us, talking about him afterwards and calling him "Mars," because he was a soldier and a "god," meaning that he was our gallery.

I wanted terribly to have that talk with him; but Eddy and Tom were always about, and I couldn't very well expect him to tell them, too. Five whole days went by, and though I saw him time after time, and he gave me a look out of his funny little twinkling eyes, there was no chance of speaking to him alone, and then, one hot afternoon, as I sat half asleep in the shade of a big rock, somebody came round the corner of it, and there was Petter, very red-faced and with his hat on the back of his head.

"I was up on the cliffs," he said, puffing, "and I thought I knew that green dress of yours, so I came down. Law, I am hot!"

"Yes, you are awfully hot; but I'm very glad to see you. For goodness' sake sit down and be quick and tell me all about everything, or it will be tea-time or something and I never shall understand why you have got to get the lieutenant engaged to the young lady. Why can't he do it himself? I do hope you don't think I'm very curious."

Petter, sitting fanning himself with his hat, looked me all over.

"I don't see nothing curious about you," he said kindly, and informed me again that my sister was "a peach." After a bit more puffing, he began to talk about the lieutenant's young lady. "It's like this. After my officer and me was taken out of the trenches and tidied up a bit, we had to wait a while at the base hospital, and as it happened, they slung us side by side on the stretchers, so when I came round and remembered things and looked for him, there he was with his face all twisted up, looking awful bad, but grinning still, being the beggar to grin that he is. Well, the least a bloke in my place could do was to say 'Thank you' to him, wasn't it, seeing he'd saved my life? Somehow, though, the things I meant to say got stuck in my neck, and it ended in me telling him that if ever there was anything I could do for him in return I'd show him, supposing us two both got over the doing in we'd had, which at the time didn't feel very likely. 'Oh, we're both going to live to fight another day, Petter, don't you worry,' he says.

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'We're not booked through this time.' That didn't satisfy me, though; I just went on offering to do things for him—must have been off my chump a bit, by what I remember of it—until at last he said, 'Well, there is just one thing you could do for me, but you're only to do it if by any chance I kick the bucket, after all.' He managed to get out his pocket-book and gave me a page tore out, with a name and address on it, and he said, 'When you know for certain that I've pegged out and you're feeling fit for it yourself, just go and see her, will you? and tell her I sent her all my love at the end of my tether, and then just let her know that I wasn't a coward, incidental like. If you'll promise to do that for me, I shan't have much left to worry about.' Of course, I told him 'Yes,' and I settled down like a kid in its cot after that; but I stuck to the bit of paper, and by and by we got a move on and I didn't see no more of him till I got a letter from him, where I was in a London hospital, to say he'd got lodgings down here and had a nurse with him, a nice old party, as would look after the pair of us, and would I come and stay at his expense? It sounded better than the convalescent home, so of course I come and I jolly well wish I hadn't, too!"

"Why?"

"Because then I'd have finished with his girl by now and not have known so much about her beforehand." He gave a kind of shudder which made me wonder what sort of girl the lieutenant's sweetheart could possibly be to have such a frightening effect on him. Petter went on, "Did I tell you that the bullet got him in the back somewheres about his spine, only sideways? He's got to lie flat in one of them long things like a grown-up pram. He'll be about again in a few months, his doctor says, but in the meantime he's got a terrible lot of time for thinking, and he's putting it all in—about that girl. That was why he sent for me; he wanted the bit of paper with her address on back, as he was going to get well."

"Why? Did he only want her to know about him saving you if he died?"

"That's what I thought myself, that he didn't mind sending a message, but he didn't see marrying her. All the same, he's saved my life, whether he'd lost his own or not, so I said to him, and I said, begging

his pardon, 'If it's all the same to you, sir, I'd like to do something for you, and if the young lady isn't the sort you'd like to send your love to, seeing she might expect you to stand by it even to the length of getting spliced, perhaps you could kindly think of something else.' My word, he was wild." Petter's face wrinkled into a smile as he remembered it. "He told me she was this and she was that, and how dared I speak about her that way, and couldn't I see that no five man could send a message to a girl to say he hadn't funk'd things? 'No girl—lady, I mean—ought to want telling that about you, sir,' I said, and then to show me it wasn't her fault, he told me all about the row he had with her."

"Row?" I asked, being afraid that he would sit and think and I should never get to the end of the matter, so then he went on. It seemed that this Mr. Coleraine didn't know the girl he was so fond of very well, only they used both to be asked to spend week-ends together with some people who were friends of both of them, and that was his only way of seeing her. When the War began he didn't join at once because just a little time ahead was a week-end he was going to spend with these people, and the girl would be there, and he was afraid if he had joined he might not get leave just at the right moment and might miss seeing her. Apparently he had done just the wrong thing, for she was cold and stiff with him at once, and when he asked her why, she said she was disappointed that he wasn't in khaki, which showed she was rather interested in him anyway, if only the silly young man had had the sense to see it. He didn't like to tell her why he had delayed; for, as Petter put it, "they weren't what you might call pally with each other yet," and he was hurt that she should not have known that he would be ready to fight for England, and so one thing led to another, and at last she asked him if he was afraid.

"After that," said Petter, "one could understand his wanting me to tell her all the stuff he worked off on me in the base hospital. Any man would have done his duty if a woman had drove him to it. She'd got to know that he'd done a bit more than his duty—see? What I don't see myself is why, now he's alive and going to be able some day to stand up in front of her on

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his own two legs and ask her to take what she'd said back, and keep company with him, she shouldn't be told just as much as she should if he was a blooming corpse."

"So you are going to tell her, after all? Ah, but you've given Mr. Coleraine back her address."

"Copied it down first," said Petter, and I had hard work not to hug him for his funny little smile.

"Probably if she's nice she'll be awfully glad to hear of him, and you'll quite enjoy telling her."

"Not me!" Petter's little blue eyes looked quite sad. "It was bad enough when I just knew she was a lady, an officer's girl, and all that; but since I've been here and having him talking to me about her—he's kind of felt able to let off steam to me—oh, my! I tell you I'm afraid of her. If it wasn't that he's ill and down in his luck through looking after me, and I'd promised myself to do something for him, I tell you I'd turn tail and run. I'd rather face a machine gun any day. He's always making it worse, poor young chap, with his 'Petter, she's this,' and 'Petter, she's that,' and telling me clever things she's said and the way she looks at you, and you know"—his voice sank into a kind of whisper—"she isn't only just a—female, she's one of them B.A. girls!"

"Well, my sister's one, too—no, an M.A.—that's a bit more so still. You wouldn't be afraid of her?"

"Wouldn't I?" He stared at me with his mouth open, until the cigarette he had between his fingers threatened to go out. "Fancy her being one of them! Do you think she knows Lieutenant Coleraine's one?"

"What's her name?"

"Miss Helen Revell, care of Mrs.—"

He was evidently reading it from a picture in his mind of the paper the lieutenant had given him, but I interrupted him with a gasp.

"But that's my sister's really truly name when she isn't a Pierrot!"

"Your sister? Her that sings down there?" He nodded backwards at Port Lucey. "Miss Viva France? You don't mean it!"

I nodded.

"She did stay with the Macgregors once last autumn, and she often goes there for

week-ends!" I got quite excited, and even patted Petter's big red hand, the one that was on his well arm. "I do hope she likes him if he's nice, and anyhow it will be quite easy to tell her now, won't it?"

Petter shook his head. He began to get very pink in the face, and finally he took his hand away and commenced undoing his tunic collar in silence. At first I thought he was suddenly going for a swim, but presently I decided that it had grown tight and he wanted more air.

"Aren't you relieved?" I persisted.

"Relieved be blowed!" He looked at me with scorn. "Hasn't she told you about me writing to her?"

"Writing to her! About Mr. Coleraine?"

"About me."

"What about you?"

He got redder.

"Well, what do you think?"

I couldn't think, so I shook my head.

"Well, what does a fellow write to a girl when she sings on the stage and he gets sweet on her? Asked her to meet me and sent her kisses and——"

"Oh, dear," I interrupted him, "I'm quite sure Helen wouldn't like that."

"She don't appear to, seeing she hasn't answered me, let alone even looked at me; but how I'm to go and see her after that and tell her about the lieutenant——"

I saw his point, and we were both quiet for quite a long time.

"Couldn't you do it for me like?"

I shook my head at Petter's suggestion.

"She has never even told me there was such a person. He'll have to tell her himself."

"That he never would."

"Not if they were friends again?"

"How are they to get to be friends again?"

I interrupted, having an idea.

"Can't he walk a bit?"

"Not a step yet—can't even sit up."

"Could you push him in his pram-thing a bit with your well hand?"

"On the level I do, on the sands or anything like that, only he always likes to go along where there's no people, on account of not wanting them to see him—it's a bit too dull for me."

I nodded, for that was all just what I wanted it to be, and then I told Petter my

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plan over and over again until he quite understood it, which took some time.

My plan was a very nice one, but it did just depend a bit on Helen's doing exactly what I asked her. Next day, to get her away from Auntie Rosa and everyone, I had to tell her that I had a bit of a headache and wanted to sit after lunch in the little bay away from all the people; and really with thinking so much and being so anxious, it was very nearly true. It was a great relief to me when she said she would, and greater still when we got there to find that Petter had done his part already and there was a great, long pram-carriage down on the sands, and Petter lying in the shadow of it reading a picture paper and never even winking at me. Helen looked at the pram-carriage with kind eyes when we had arranged ourselves under the cliff.

"I wonder if it's a man or a woman?" she said. "It must be a man, I think; it's such a very large spinal carriage, and that soldier being with him. Oh, it's the man who comes to the concerts—'Mars,' Madeleine calls him—he has his sling off at last."

I helped her wonder like anything, so that she should not see that I knew, and by and by Petter got up and spoke to his officer and went up the cliff path.

"I suppose he's gone to fetch something," Helen said—she didn't seem to be reading very much—"it's rather silly of him not to pull the spinal carriage a bit higher up the beach first. The tide is coming in as fast as anything."

"I expect he knows what he's about," I said truthfully, and tried to sound careless; but Helen didn't seem able to stop taking an interest, and kept on looking up from her book and pointing out how another of the dark strips of shells and wood and weeds that the sea leaves on the sand as it goes down had been covered by the tide.

"I do wish his soldier servant would come back!"

She seemed worried enough, so I offered to go and look for the soldier; but she wasn't ready for that yet. Presently the waves began to wash the front wheels of the pram-carriage, and at that Mr. Coleraine woke up out of the dream which had been keeping him very quiet down there at the water's edge. I had wondered whether he was staring up at the white clouds blowing across

the sky above him, and whether he was thinking of Helen and feeling sad.

"Petter!" he began to call. "Petter! Hang the fellow! Petter! Does he take me for a blessed old King Canute? Petter! Wake up, wherever you are! Petter!"

While he was shouting he had picked up the looking-glass which Petter had told me he always kept at hand, so that he could look round with it and see more than just the sky above which his position made possible. He began turning it round, searching the bay for the missing soldier, and presently he turned it so that it would reflect us. I saw the flash of the glass dance across the skirt of Helen's pale blue frock, and then, as he saw her face in his glass, his calling ceased, and a silence fell on all the bay that made the scream of the seagulls out by the headland seem funnily important and loud. Helen was silent, too, and when I dared to look at her I saw that her face was quite white, not just pale, and that her hands, holding each other on her knees, were clenched so tight that her knuckles were white, too.

"I—I think you had better go and look for his man!" she said, when she saw me staring at her, and the voice she spoke in was not Helen's voice at all.

I got up and ran, glad to get away, for somehow down there between the cliffs I had begun to be afraid as though something Petter and I had made happen was much bigger than I had imagined that it would be. I got to the top of the cliff path out of breath, and Petter, lying hidden in a hollow at the edge of the cliffs, signalled to me. I scooted along on all fours, and dropped down beside him.

"Going A 1, ain't it?"

"I—suppose so—she's dreadfully upset!"

Petter shrugged as well as he could in that position, meaning that anyhow we couldn't help it.

"You're quite sure he won't be drowned?"

"Well, he won't if your sister fetches him back, like you said she would. There's a nice strip of sand left under the cliff at high tide, or Nurse wouldn't have left us, and me with my arm not strong enough to get him off the beach alone."

"But—but if Helen won't help him! I'm sure she knows now that it's Mr. Coleraine."



"He heard her splashing
through the water to him"—p. 838.

Drawn by
Wai Fong.

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"Well, you said she would," Petter began, and then seeing that I was trying not to cry he did his best to comfort me, and said that in that case we would go down again ourselves.

After that we were silent, watching the two silent people below in the bay. I could see Mr. Coleraine pretty distinctly, although he was a bit foreshortened from my being on the cliffs. He had a nice, dark head, lying very flat, and a thin, aquiline face, and he lay perfectly still now, and no one could have told that he was conscious that Helen was there, and that he was quite ready to be drowned, if need be, sooner than ask for help from her, if it hadn't been for his hands clenched tightly on the rug that covered him. Helen, for her part, was just as silent, but not so still. She kept on looking for my return or Petter's down the cliff path, or for someone passing on the Port Lucey road, and then looking back again to see how the waves were rising higher up the beach. The front wheels of the pram-carriage were half under water, and the little twinkling waves running up far beyond it on the sands, before she even stood up, and then instead of going straight to him she waited, staring this way and that, hesitating, with her hand against her blouse in front. All the while the man helpless down at the edge of the sea had never moved, not even when a wave broke against the carriage, set it rocking, and covered him with spray, but I said to Petter then:

"Now! Run for it! I'm wrong about Helen, and we can't wait any more!"

Petter half got up, then suddenly he dragged me down again.

"Look there!" And he gasped, for I think he had been worrying, too.

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came to my eyes, so for the instant I didn't see anything more through trying to hide them. When I looked up again the pram-carriage was standing high and dry on the white sand where the tide only comes a few times in the year, and Helen, without her hat and with her hair half down, was standing beside it, her skirt all dark blue now and dripping as it clung to her.

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She was looking down at her wet frock as she listened, and then when he questioned her she raised her head and looked at him, and I saw that what she had said had taken all her courage to say, and then suddenly he held out both his hands to her and she put hers into them, and their voices dropped till they were only a murmur; and Helen bent over him as he lay and stooped down lower and lower until his arms were round her neck and her face against his.

"Time we cleared out," said Petter in a gruff whisper, and crawled away inland. I followed him and sat down. He looked at me funnily.

"Well—I suppose it's good-bye?" he said.

"Good-bye?"

"Well, in a sort of way. Do you think they'd stick knowing it was a put-up job?"

"I suppose not."

"We did it jolly well—but she's a peach—your sister!" Petter sighed.

"I suppose she likes him better than anyone on earth." I sighed, too.

And so, after shaking hands solemnly, back to the bay by different paths, making plenty of noise and behaving as though we were perfect strangers to each other, went Petter and I.



A Grandmother and Grandchildren, with Daughter-in-law, living on the same Barge. The Son is away at the Front.

BRITAIN'S FLOATING GIPSIES

Some Social and Commercial Problems of our Canals and their Future

By A. C. MARSHALL

FLOATING from place to place, year in and year out, a tiny little cuddly for a home, passing through peaceful countrysides and the greatest centres of bustling activity, yet mixing with no other community—such is the lot of the workers on our canals. The only other race in any way like them are the Romanies, and our canal boatmen are surely the water gypsies.

A Gulf Stream in Society

To take a census of these little-known people would be almost a matter of impossibility. According to some authorities, there are ten thousand canal workers, including their wives and families; other experts put the figure at four thousand. Probably the actual total is midway between the two estimates; but in any case they represent a commonwealth that flows through all our classes, intermingling with none—a veritable Gulf Stream in human society.

Generally speaking, one family takes along two boats. Very long and very narrow, there

is a cabin at the stern of each craft, both of which are drawn by the one horse. Usually there is a dog or two, expert watchers and guards; in some instances, past masters in the gentle arts of poaching. Then there will be the boatman himself, his wife (technically the mate of the boat), and his children—usually strong not only in physique but in numbers also.

In Perpetual Motion

There they are—man, wife and family, domestic pets, horse, the home, and the business, a self-contained unit, practically in perpetual motion. In the wee cabin, on a shelf-like bed, the babies first see light; there they spend their infancy and childhood. All their lives they know no home other than a cabin, and have no friends beyond those of the canal and towing-path. Can it be wondered at that very few adult boat people, even to-day, can read or write, and that in many, many cases they have no knowledge of the Word of God?

THE QUIVER

"Well, you said she would," Petter began, and then seeing that I was trying not to cry he did his best to comfort me, and said that in that case we would go down again ourselves.

After that we were silent, watching the two silent people below in the bay. I could see Mr. Coleraine pretty distinctly, although he was a bit foreshortened from my being on the cliffs. He had a nice, dark head, lying very flat, and a thin, aquiline face, and he lay perfectly still now, and no one could have told that he was conscious that Helen was there, and that he was quite ready to be drowned, if need be, sooner than ask for help from her, if it hadn't been for his hands clenched tightly on the rug that covered him. Helen, for her part, was just as silent, but not so still. She kept on looking for my return or Petter's down the cliff path, or for someone passing on the Port Lucey road, and then looking back again to see how the waves were rising higher up the beach. The front wheels of the pram-carriage were half under water, and the little twinkling waves running up far beyond it on the sands, before she even stood up, and then instead of going straight to him she waited, staring this way and that, hesitating, with her hand against her blouse in front. All the while the man helpless down at the edge of the sea had never moved, not even when a wave broke against the carriage, set it rocking, and covered him with spray, but I said to Petter then:

"Now! Run for it! I'm wrong about Helen, and we can't wait any more!"

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I have known the boatman for several years, and from personal evidence vote him a jolly good fellow. Hard-working, thoroughly honest, and a good father, he is absolutely clean morally. In fact, there is no community with better morals than the boat-folk, and I attribute this to the necessity of mother and father, girls and boys, all living and sleeping together in such a way that there can be no family secrets, and much of the temptation to sin is removed

the stopping-place, whilst milk and butter are easily obtainable from any farm at the canal-side. Drinking water is carried in a gaily painted firkin on the hatch.

Many days have I spent on a pair of twin monkey boats. One horse pulls the boats right through the journey, whilst the boatman and his wife, or the children if old enough, take turns at leading the animal and managing the tillers. Round about twenty miles is a good day's progress; but when locks are few thirty may well be covered. Three miles an hour, or rather less, is the average pace, and twelve hours a good day's work in the winter months. During the summer, however, the boatman prefers to be off at break o' day, and to rest his patient horse during the hottest hours.

At intervals along the banks of the canals there are convenient inns with miniature wharves against which the boats may be tied for the night. There are stables for the horses and opportunities for buying forage and bedding. Three or four families may meet at one of these points in the evening, and after supper sit together for social intercourse, enlivened by the strains



The Work of the Day.

automatically in an atmosphere so near Nature as that in which these people have their being.

From London to Birmingham

Quite frequently, one voyage from a main depot to some distant spot and back will occupy a fortnight or three weeks. The journey from London to Birmingham with a horse-drawn boat takes five days. At the point of departure the wife lays in her store of tea, sugar, and similar provisions. Bread and the very occasional fresh meat that is used are bought in the evening near

of the gramophone, concertina, or melodeon. Long winter evenings are often passed with dominoes or cards, but boatmen and women as a class are in no way addicted to drinking to excess.

Queer people, these boat men and women may possess literally hundreds of waterside friends in a dozen different counties, and yet their interests seldom stray beyond the canal banks. In the hey-day of summer they may let the cabin of the trailing boat to gentlefolks for a holiday-making excursion, and yet generally they are shy of strangers, and often totally discouraging to any way-

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side clergyman or minister who may seek to carry the Gospel to them.

The Question of Education

As for education, this is legally provided for the children at the town in which the boat is officially registered, and here the youngsters attend for a few hours on the occasional days when their boat is "at home." Once they have passed beyond the area, however, the authorities have no further jurisdiction, though, as a matter of fact, boat children do obtain an hour or two of schooling in various districts where their boats may be loading or discharging. Still, even this is subject to the whim of the parents, and there are hundreds of boys and girls who never go to school at all.

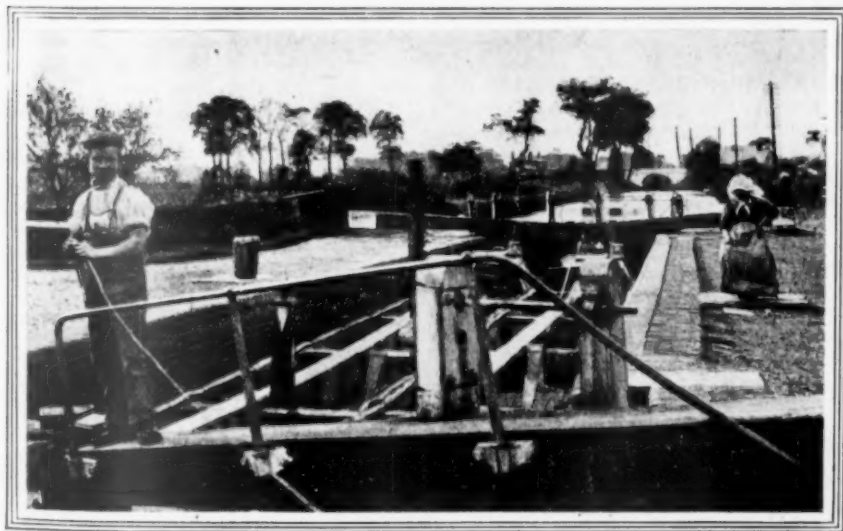
Coming to their Own Again

And now, with all the upheavals of the War and lessons learned from our Continental Allies, there is a strong probability of our canals coming into their own again. Nearly five thousand miles of inland waterways wind and wriggle through the length and breadth of Great Britain. Many a hundred miles are derelict, as dead in a commercial sense as the dodo, squeezed out of utility by the coming of the railway. Every day, however, sees new life and

energy on the canals, which are playing no mean part in the transport of war stores and munitions, and which in the future will have vital work to do in the distribution of the nation's foodstuffs.

Generally speaking, canal transit is cheap transit. One horse can draw a floating load that a score of horses could not budge on wheels. Going further, one gallon of petrol will take a ton of goods forty times the distance in a motor barge than it could do on a road lorry. Again, barges can creep into docks and snuggle against the very sides of ocean-going vessels for speedy loading or discharging of cargo, with the consequent elimination of wharves.

One of the big dreams of the future is the canalising of the River Trent right into the city of Nottingham. It is part of a great scheme for the completion of the "Cross" system of canals and waterways, the bulk of which was constructed more than fifty years ago. Broadly, the idea is to make Birmingham and Nottingham the two main centres of our English canals. From these centres already canals run to London, to Gloucester and Bristol, and to Liverpool. The canalising of the Trent from Nottingham to Newark would finish the fourth arm of the Cross in a waterway to Hull and the Humber.



Going through a Lock.

THE QUIVER

An Immense Scheme

Now, going further, imagine a ship at Hull discharging cargo from Denmark, Scandinavia, or Russia, probably foodstuffs, raw material to be manufactured, or timber. Her cargo is sorted into barges, one for Nottingham, one for Leicester, one for Birmingham, and so on; not into monkey boats, but into real barges capable of carrying 100 or 150 tons of merchandise, and propelled by a motor that could be placed in an ordinary Tate sugar-box. Look along still further, and picture these barges returning to the sea laden with manufactured articles for export, and you will have some idea of

and to bring our system on the road to perfection the mileage of "main" canals would have to be doubled, if not trebled, in order to ensure locks of the required width and depth as well as open waterways.

The question of speed is not of any vital importance. So long as the cargoes can be taken expeditiously from the holds of ocean-going ships, and be dispatched without unreasonable delay from the ports to the Midlands for distribution, no very great stretch of time can pass. Moreover, speed is the one factor that would actually break down our canals, for any vessel proceeding at a pace beyond $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour leaves be-

hind such a backwash that serious erosion and damage ensues to the banks. True, this difficulty could be obviated by substituting concrete wharf walls for the present banks of puddled clay or brushwood, but the cost would equal roughly ten thousand pounds a mile, and would not be justifiable.

Few people can have any idea of the engineering difficulties to be surmounted in the building of a canal. In Bible times there were canals in Assyria, and the Romans undoubtedly built a waterway from Lincoln. It was not until the fifteenth century,

however, that locks were brought into use in that home of canals, Italy. With the coming of locks and the possibility of raising the levels of canals in reaches, great progress was made; but the principle of the lock is much the same to-day as it was in its infancy.

The "lift" of a canal lock varies considerably. In this country the largest lifts are from 8 to 10 ft., but there is a lock in Paris that can raise a barge to a level of $32\frac{1}{2}$ ft. above its original position. And it must be remembered that a barge proceeding upstream wastes water right through the journey, and this water has to be replaced, either from a natural inlet or else from an artificial reservoir. Again, just as there is often a deficiency of water in summer, so is there a superabundance in winter, and these matters have to be met by weirs and barrages.



The Boatmen's Institute.

the immensity of the scheme. And it is all possible, feasible, and actually proven, as a visit to Holland, parts of France or Belgium would testify, for our Dutch neighbours in particular have 1,000-ton barges propelled by motors of sewing-machine proportions.

Much to be Done

But there is much to be done before our canal system can be said in any way to represent those of the Continent. As matters are at present, we have one main line of canal between London and Liverpool, with a few main links. These waterways are broad and deep, and can take barges—that is, vessels 70 ft. to 75 ft. long by 14 ft. or 15 ft. in breadth. Canal "boats" are only about 10 ft. in width, whilst monkey boats are barely 8 ft. Monkey boats are used on what are known as the single-gauge canals;

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The Grand Junction Canal, one of the most important in the United Kingdom, connects London with the Midlands, and at one point rises to a height of nearly 400 ft. above sea level. Its progress is like a series of giant steps from Brentford on the Thames to Tring, and between Brentford and Southall alone—a distance representing a quarter of an hour's spin on a bicycle—there are ten or a dozen locks. After that, however, there is a stretch of nearly seven miles without a lock at all, just as there is a level stretch of thirteen miles between Southall and Paddington.

But levels are not the only difficulties to be overcome by the canal engineers, either by means of locks or tunnels. Often a canal must be carried bodily over a river, a railway, or a road, and a wonderful instance of this is afforded by the carrying of the Bridgewater Canal in an aqueduct across the Manchester Ship Canal at Barton. Here one may see canal boat, towing horse, and crew imprisoned in an iron aqueduct which

swings round to permit the passage of a sea-going vessel on the waterway below.

But the Manchester Ship Canal, 300 ft. in width and 28 ft. deep, is beyond the scope of this article, and is not to be confused with the ordinary inland waterway. The cry of the future will be for canals to carry coal, building material, non-perishable food-stuff, manufactured wares, and the heterogeneous mass of our commercial commodities by means of petrol barges and boats. Our vaunted insularity has been brought

home to us more and more of late, proving how closely we rely upon sea-borne goods for our very existence. We must have canals to connect our cities and centres with ocean-going ships, to link up port with port, and to bring the manufacturing of the Midlands and the north in closer touch with the metropolis by means of *cheap* transit.

Cheapness is, in fact, the determining factor in the whole matter. Horse-drawn canal boats represent



Mission School for Barge Children at Brentford.



"We teach them almost entirely by object-lesson."

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the cheapest form of goods carriage to-day. Motor-boats will be the cheapest form of transit to-morrow. The high price of coal and the prevailing rates of establishment charges and wages make railway freights appear altogether unreasonable, and it is a moot point whether our railways would or would not put obstacles in the way of canal development, particularly as nearly 1,200 miles of our canals are actually owned by the railway companies.

So long ago as 1802 strings of barges were towed along the Forth and Clyde Canal by steam-tug, and on one of the Yorkshire waterways coal is carried to the sea in trains of barges that are locked together stern to bow. For ordinary inland canal work, however, these strings or trains are not practicable on account of the locks, and with the universal use of motors there would be no need for them. Petrol is, indeed, the solution to the entire problem.

The link between our canals and the War is full of interest. The huge iron plates that are employed as trench covers, all kinds of metal for the making of munitions, oil and tar, concrete, fruit for jam-making, sugar, and a hundred other commodities for the direct use of our soldiers, have travelled slowly through peaceful, rural England in boats and barges. Boatmen have joined the Army by the hundred; "lightermen"—skilled craftsmen who handle barges in the open river—have been called up for the Navy as part of the contract on which they obtained their apprenticeship indentures.

Transporting the Wounded

And across the Channel, on the waterways of France, there are British horses, British barges, and British boatmen engaged in transporting wounded Tommies "down the line." A soldier with a fractured leg, or with bones so broken that they would rub together at the slightest vibration, cannot stand a journey slung in the swinging cot of an ambulance train. Set him on a pal-lasse on the floor of a barge, however, and take him steadily down stream without jerk or bump, and he might as well be in the most comfortable bed in a London hospital. And this is being done.

Our boatmen, too, are busily transporting ammunition and other field requirements on the canals and rivers in France.

It looks so simple, this movement of a slow, deep-set boat, but the real boatman must have been reared to it. Most of them can look back generation after generation to fathers and grandfathers who were born in the cuddies of boats and who became boatmen in turn. And the greatest ambition of every boatman is to own his own stout boat of oak or pitchpine with its elm bottom, its smart cabin, and with his own name painted on the stern and stencilled on the tarpaulins. Most of them work for firms, but there is one super-boatman who actually breeds the horses that take his vessels along the canals.

Then there is this grave social problem, the carrying of the Word of God to the boatman and his family, and the education of his children.

A little girl of the canal was being taught something of the Cross, and was instructed in the need and power of prayer. Some time elapsed before the instructor saw the girl again, and then he asked her if she still said her prayers.

"Don't believe in 'em," came the blunt reply. "I prayed every night for six weeks that I might be made into a boy, and nothin' happened, so I just give it up!"

Where Children Cannot Read

Down at Brentford there is a Canal Boatmen's Institute, a branch of the London City Mission. At different times many forms of effort have been made and much success has been met with. Special rooms have been prepared for maternity cases, Bibles and Christian literature have been given away, and meetings held, often at the side of the wharves. Then there is the day school, attended sometimes by fifty children and at other times by only two or three, according to the number of boats in the vicinity; the Sunday School, and so on.

"We teach them almost entirely by object-lesson," said the missionary to me the other day. "You see, they can hardly read a word, and even an ordinary text has to be spelled out letter by letter."

Whatever the commercial usefulness and future of canals when the sounds of this world-strife begin to die away, the one fact to be borne in mind is that something must be done to Christianise and to educate the children of Britain's floating gypsies.

THE SECOND RESCUE

By

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

JANET wiped her hands on a rag that was as oily as they were, flung it overboard, and wiped them again, with more conviction, on the legs of her cotton trousers.

"Set the spark back about three notches, would you, Mildred dear?" she called up. "No, the other one! And the other way. That's good! Leave it so."

"Are we all right now?" Mildred asked, her tone suggesting that it didn't much matter whether they were, or were going to be drowned within ten minutes.

It was remarkable that anybody costumed completely as she was for the occasion, in rubber boots, oilskins, and a sou'wester, could look as utterly unlike a seafaring man as Mildred did.

"All right?" said Janet. "I should think we were!"

The *Little Buttercup* at this moment yawed a point or two, and presented a fair broadside to an unusually big wave, which rolled under her joyously.

"O-oh!" said Mildred through her teeth.

"There!" Janet went on. "Isn't that immense—the way she rides?"

The difference between their respective views was natural enough. To Mildred there was but one ideal of behaviour for a boat. It should go ahead like a straight line, covering the shortest distance between two points. And, to complete her notion of a prosperous voyage, the land should never be very far away, nor the water very deep. Some such inducements had been held out to her for undertaking this cruise in the *Little Buttercup*.

"They call them the Ten Thousand Islands," Janet had told her. "They're simply peppered all over the North Channel and the upper part of Georgian Bay, and you just poke around among them as you like. There's always a shelter close at hand from every kind of wind that can blow."

In the teeth of that promise, here they were, weltering in a waste of waters that

might have been the middle of the North Atlantic for anything that one could see to the contrary. They had been adrift—actually adrift—for fifteen minutes, while Janet tinkered with the engine. Now they were going blindly on—for charts meant nothing to Mildred—in the avowed hope of finding a lightship anchored twelve miles out from land, at the tip of a thing called Saint Martin's Reef. It sounded frightfully like "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*" to Mildred.

It was fortunate that her good breeding kept Mildred from expressing her opinions to her hostess. Janet had fallen in love with the *Little Buttercup* at first sight. Cruising in the *Little Buttercup* all by herself was her favourite hobby.

Janet, you see, was just a modern girl of the practical order. She was exactly what she seemed to be, and nothing else—an out-and-out good sort.

Rather different was her friend Mildred, who was romantically beautiful. And her career was as romantic as her looks. She'd fallen in love at twenty-two, in the teeth of her father's furious opposition, with young Steven North, who at that time was just beginning to sell occasional stories to the magazines. She had run off and married him; her father, faithful to the tradition of tyrannical parents, cutting her off without a penny. Mildred and Steven struggled along through the more picturesque phases of poverty, and then, last winter, just as he was beginning to get recognised, Mildred turned up in town without him. She admitted to her friends that they weren't, in the deepest matters, companions any more. Mildred sometimes wondered if they ever had been, really. He seemed actually to try to exclude her from his inner life, and he made no effort to penetrate hers—to understand her. And as she felt that the intimacy of marriage could be justified only by a most complete intermingling of souls, there was no course for her to take except the one she had taken. Later, when they got

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down to words of one syllable, she admitted that she couldn't stand him. He bored her to the point where she wanted to scream.

Well, he took an exquisite revenge on her, for he died, unromantically, from an acute indigestion; and Janet, comprehending the situation, counselled flight in the *Little Buttercup*.

It says much for the extremities to which exasperation had reduced Mildred that she accepted this invitation.

Now, on the afternoon of the second day (the first had been uneventful), they were running east down the Straits of Mackinac, meaning to turn up through Detour Passage, when they came to it, and spend the night in Harbour Island.

It would be idle to pretend that this day had gone just as Janet had meant it to. From a series of accidents they'd been hours late getting started from Mackinac Island.

The clock and the barometer hung side by side at the foot of the companion-way, where one could see them from the wheel, and if Mildred had been a close observer she'd have noticed that Janet's glance strayed that way rather often. As it was, she did not. From her point of view matters were improving considerably. The waves were not so high, nor the wind so strong. One could have inferred this from the fact that Saint Martin's Lightship, when they passed it, suggested romantic rather than *macabre* ideas. She thought it would be a wonderful place for two people—a man and a woman, of course—who really loved each other—to live. The simple duty to keep the light—the calm—the security against intrusion.

"I knew a wireless operator," Janet said, "who worked on one of those lightships, and in winter they were left there two months without any relief. And before the time was up, none of them would speak to each other at all. They used to hide away in the hold from each other. They just couldn't bear each other's looks."

"You gross materialist!" said Mildred. "Well, I suppose a touch of cynicism is what I need. But let me tell you something, child. Marriage is like that—a little, anyway. So don't you ever marry a man unless you think you could keep a lightship with him."

Janet admitted, rather absently, that this was probably a good idea. Her eye was on

the barometer again, and from there it went to the clock. From the way the wind was dropping with the glass, and from the way it was veering round, she thought that there was a good chance of a blow—a real blow—half a gale, say, from the south-west, before morning, a probability which made it highly desirable, to say the least, to get into Harbour Island to-night.

Her preoccupation kept her from paying very much attention to Mildred's further philosophisings about love and marriage.

"You are *the* most practical child!" Mildred observed at last. "I don't believe you've heard a word. Are you getting hungry? I believe I am. Only it's a pity for either of us to miss any of that wonderful sky."

Janet was not indifferent to that, at any rate. The wind she'd been looking for was visibly racing up from the south with a violet-coloured bank of cloud. It would blot out what light there was within an hour. To her guest's hint about food she made no reply.

"Perhaps I could get supper," Mildred presently suggested, "if you'd just show me where the things are."

"Go down below and eat anything you can find," said Janet. "I'm busy."

There was a thickish silence after that for about five minutes. Mildred did not go below.

And then, with a scurry and a slap, the first outrider of the gale came up with them. After her first gasp Mildred apologised. She hadn't understood. Perhaps if Janet had told her. . . . What was there she could do to help?

"Not a thing," said Janet. "We'll be inside in twenty minutes." But she was wrong about that.

It was perhaps ten minutes later that Janet's gaze focused itself in sharp interrogation on a point out abeam on the port side.

"Hand me the field-glasses," she crisply ordered Mildred. "They're in the deck locker. Just lift up that lid and you'll see them. There's something wrong over there," she went on. "A sailing-boat capsized, I think. And it looks as if there were someone hanging on to it."

It took only a glance through the swiftly adjusted binoculars to confirm this.

Janet set down the glasses and spun the

THE SECOND RESCUE

wheel hard over to starboard. Mildred saw with astonishment that the *Little Buttercup* was turning, not towards the wreck, but away from it.

"Aren't you," she asked, "aren't you going to—do anything about it?"

"Going to get him," said Janet. "But I can't take the *Buttercup* over there. That water's full of shoals, and you will want all the sea room you can get."

"I?" said Mildred in horror.

"Take the wheel," said Janet. "Now! Do you see that little blob of an island exactly ahead?" She set back the throttle two or three notches as she spoke. "Sure you see it? Well, keep her pointed exactly that way. Don't look at anything else or think about anything else till I come back."

There was a mutiny on board the *Little Buttercup* at that moment, but it didn't last more than ten seconds. Mildred felt that she was being, in so many words, murdered. But as it was evident that Janet was going away in the dinghy anyhow, her guest decided that she might as well be drowned clinging to the wheel as any other way. She accepted, though in a dully tragic manner, the situation.

She wasn't allowed time for a really effective protest. Indeed, it was a matter only of seconds before she heard the rhythmic thud of the rowlocks as Janet pulled away. Of the time that elapsed before she heard the hail from the returning dinghy she had no more idea than one has in any other sort of nightmare.

"It's all right," Janet called at last; "I've got him in tow."

She gave a sob of relief at that, and would have rushed aft, but that Janet's quick "Stay where you are and keep her as she is!" prevented.

The next moment Janet was aboard and had made the dinghy's painter fast to the loggerhead. She had another line in her hand which she made fast to a cleat amidships. She seemed utterly unconcerned about the dinghy's load, and immediately began looking for something in the big deck locker.

"But where is he?" Mildred cried.

"In the water," said Janet. "The way his boat was jammed sideways between two rocks, and the waves were breaking, I couldn't get him into the dinghy. The whole thing was a frightful mess. He was in the water—completely tangled up in the sheets.

So I got a life-ring under his arms, made fast to a length of halyard, and towed him."

What she wanted out of the deck locker was evidently a small block and tackle, and she had it straightened out and hooked up to the after awning stanchion about the time she finished explaining. Then she came forward and threw out the clutch.

"Come along," she said to Mildred. "It'll take both of us to get him aboard."

She led the halyard aft, hauled in on it until Mildred, looking over the side, could see the white life-ring and the head that rolled so lifelessly within its circumference, and thrust the line into Mildred's hand. "Keep him just about so," she commanded, "until I can get the tackle on him." She paid the tackle out methodically—"These things will jam if you give them half a chance," she said, in answer to Mildred's exclamation of impatience—took the free block in her hands, and slipped over the side with it into the water.

"Now," she called up to Mildred, "let go your halyard and take up the slack in the big rope so it won't foul. Don't try to pull him very far out of the water till I come aboard."

The next moment, in some catlike fashion, she was astride the rail.

Janet had only one hand to haul with, since with the other she had to hold the man off from striking against the *Little Buttercup's* side, and heaving at a line was not one of Mildred's specialities. But eventually they got the shipwrecked mariner aboard.

Mildred gave a squeal when she saw that his hair was soppy with blood as well as water, and a gasp of real horror as the man turned his head and looked dully at her. That slight gleam of quasi-consciousness made him a much more dreadful object, somehow, than he had seemed before.

"He wasn't drowned at all," Janet explained swiftly. "I'm sure there's no water in his lungs. He's been hit on the head. Concussion of the brain is what's the matter with him." She added, "I'll help you with him as soon as we get inside," and, to Mildred's incredulous despair, went forward to the wheel, and left her with the horror on her hands.

She did, poor thing, the best she could; but almost at once she came forward to Janet.

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"I'm sorry," she said, "but I can't stand blood. I'd have fainted in another minute."

"No use bothering with his blood, anyway," said Janet. "Go below and light the galley-stove, and get the two soap-stones out of the fireless cooker and put them on to heat. And then bring out all the blankets you can find. He's got to be warm and dry. Those are the two main things. Take his clothes off when you've got the blankets ready, and wrap him up in them. If what I see ahead of us is what I think it is, we'll be inside in five minutes; and if it isn't," she added to herself, "there's no knowing where we'll be."

But she was right this time. Well within her five minutes the *Little Buttercup* was riding at anchor in water as still as a mill-pond, and even the howl of the wind sounded far away.

Harbour Island, it should perhaps be explained, is roughly the shape of a dough-nut, with a small sector cut out to permit ingress to as perfect a haven as there is anywhere in the world. It is completely uninhabited. The nearest settlement is miles away.

Janet went aft to help her distracted guest with their patient. "Oh, don't bother to untie knots," she said. "Haven't you a knife? Here."

It was something like an hour later that she settled her back against the deck-house, work done and supper over.

"Well," said Janet contentedly, "take it all round, I'm willing to call that a pretty good job."

Mildred indulged in a retrospective shudder. "Do you think he's going to die?" she asked. "He looks—ghastly!"

From a purely pictorial standpoint no doubt he did, sewn up like a mummy in his blankets, a blood-stained bandage on his head, and the swaying lantern chasing its crude shadows across his face; but Janet's attitude, thanks to a winter of Red Cross work at the hospital, was thoroughly professional. "He won't die unless his skull's fractured," she said; "and I'm sure it isn't."

"Who do you suppose he is?" wondered Mildred. "I mean—what? From those awful clothes of his he might be anything. A fisherman or—"

"Never in the world," said Janet. "Didn't you notice his hands and feet? Besides,

nobody but the rankest kind of an amateur would have got caught by that blow without two reefs—not with a rig like his. And that's queer, too, because he doesn't look like an incompetent generally. I like his looks. Don't you?"

Mildred was non-committal on this point. What concerned her was what they were going to do with him. It wouldn't be quite respectable, would it, to keep him aboard a moment longer than was absolutely necessary? Especially if, as Janet surmised, he belonged—well, to their social world.

"What we will do," Janet answered drowsily, "depends on so many things we don't know anything about—what the weather is like, and how long it takes me to get that motor going right again, and a lot more—that there's no good bothering about it now. And," she added through a yawn, "if you get more fun out of thinking it isn't quite respectable than thinking the other thing—why, of course there's no harm in thinking it."

The darkness concealed Mildred's flush of annoyance, and the fact that the younger girl was half asleep made it possible to believe that she hadn't meant that last remark just as it sounded. But Mildred did wish, very heartily—summing up the day—that a situation might soon arise which would restore their normal relation; put her formerly humble adorer back where she really belonged.

"The first thing to-morrow morning," Janet announced just before she fell asleep, "I'm going outside in the dinghy to see if I can find his boat and make any salvage from it. So if I'm gone in the morning when you wake up, you'll know."

"All right, dear. Good-night," said Mildred.

II

GOLD, green and rose vied with each other in the production of as barbaric a sunset sky as ever was seen on a picture post card, and the little lake within the dough-nut ring of Harbour Island mirrored its splendours as faithfully as any post-card lake that ever advertised a summer hotel. The still air was cool, but soft. In a word, it was what any normally sentimental soul would have described as a heavenly evening.

But Janet, out alone in the dingy, osten-



"Of course, she was dressed like a sailor,
in a duck jumper and cotton trousers"—p. 850

Drawn by
Stanley Davis.

sibly fishing, though she hadn't a hook in the water, surveyed the scene in a discontented, even in a lowering manner. From the *Little Buttercup*, a good half-mile away, came Mildred's silky voice. She was saying something—rather in the manner of Melisande—about Fate. Janet rattled her rowlocks harshly and pulled farther away.

(It was, I may explain, three days, lacking an hour or two, since she had dropped the *Little Buttercup's* anchor in the spot where it still lay, and gone aft to complete the work of saving the life of the man she had brought on board. His name turned out to be Peter Stone.)

Janet rowed, I say, a good mile farther off and around a point into a little cove. Secure here against involuntary eavesdropping, as well as against being herself overheard, she projected her astral body, as it were, into the stern-sheets, where she could look herself well in the eye. "Now," she said firmly, "we'll talk this out. It's certainly time we did."

Then she lapsed into a long, dark silence. At last she said, "Well, you got what you came for, didn't you? You meant to divert her mind, and you certainly have done it. She hasn't had as good a time, I'll bet, since she told Steven North that they weren't 'true companions' any more."

Then, with sudden anger, to herself in the stern-sheets: "You're a cat, that's what you are! A miserable little female cat! And you've been acting, for three days, like an underbred schoolgirl. You may as well know that. And you started the thing, too. If it hadn't been for those sketches of his, maybe she'd have let him alone, though she had changed her clothes before you came back with them."

This needs a word of explanation. Janet, going out that first morning in quest of the stranger's wrecked sloop, had found it, and had made important salvage: a colour-box, with all its paraphernalia, and two big bundles wrapped in oil silk, containing, by the feel, panels. She yielded to her instinct to open them at once, out there in the dinghy, and assess the extent of the damage.

The first package contained blanks, thoroughly water-soaked, and probably ruined. But the other, containing his sketches, was practically untouched. Janet spent a blissful hour over them. They were hardly more than notes, but they were

swift, exuberant, exciting. Over some of them she laughed outright in pure pleasure. Over some she just grinned contentedly. One or two made her catch her breath.

She had packed the sketches carefully away again; loaded, beside them, everything into the dinghy that it would hold, and pulled back to the *Little Buttercup*. As she drew near, she heard a man's voice speaking in answer to something Mildred had said. So, hailing Mildred, she called: "Tell him I've got the pictures, and they're all right. Not hurt a bit."

As she swung up over the side, Mildred, quite in the manner of one presenting a guest whom she has invited aboard for the day, said, "Janet, this is Mr. Stone."

He was propped up now on a heap of cushions, and looked alive anyway; but as he turned a little stiffly, in order to see Janet, she saw him frown incredulously, as if he didn't believe he saw straight.

Well, of course she was a frightful object. Her clothes were as dirty as only white clothes can be after long use in an engine-room. She herself was dirty—hadn't had a proper wash since they left Charlevoix. And then, of course, she was dressed like a sailor, in a duck jumper and cotton trousers. But why—? Her glance swung round to Mildred, and the colour that, under his look, had started slowly up under her tan, finished in a flare.

For there was Mildred, if you please, dressed as a young lady at a summer hotel dresses when she has been invited to spend the day on a yacht. Only all in white, of course, because of her mourning—and looking as cool, lovely, immaculate, and altogether feminine as possible.

"You know, we're perishing of hunger," she said. "I didn't know where a thing was, so I couldn't get breakfast. Oh, but the pictures first!" And, to the painter, "I may see them, mayn't I?"

But the nature of her feelings since she'd begun cooking that first breakfast, and listening to Mildred talking to the painter about his sketches, was not what Janet had come out to discuss with herself. Her feelings, she insisted all along, were not important to anyone but herself. There was an element of interest about them, no doubt. They presented a problem which some time, when she'd nothing better to do, she'd attempt to solve.

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It was up to her to decide, dispassionately, what line of action to take. There was no evading this responsibility, because the situation was such that continuance in doing nothing was action of the most decisive sort. Here were Mildred and Peter (there was no harm in calling him Peter in this confidential conversation with herself; it saved time) falling in love head over ears with each other—believing, at least, that they were falling head over ears in love with each other. Well, that was nobody's business but their own. At least, Peter professed himself unmarried, and certainly Mildred was—twice, you might say. Let Nature take its course. You couldn't better that rule, could you?

But Nature! There was the difficulty. Given a natural environment, and Janet would be absolved of all responsibility, whatever shoals or breakers she might foresee for the pair. But the present environment was not natural. It was artificial in the highest degree. Here was Mildred, her heart on the rebound, if ever a heart was, her entire attention focused upon one man; and that man especially prepared by his temporary helplessness to focus upon himself all the sentimental sympathy of a nature that specialised in just that quality.

And here was Peter, still incapable of anything but lying out under an awning, while a beautiful vision filled his eye (a vision which no doubt gained by contrast, too, with a frightful-looking object in oil-stained cotton trousers and a grimy jumper), a caressing voice filled his ear with gentle words of sympathy, a Tennysonian hand rested lightly, now and then, upon his somewhat fevered brow. Why, he hadn't a chance. That was the simple truth.

And the responsibility of the situation rested on Janet just as much as if she had contrived it voluntarily. She was match-making. There was no getting away from that. And was she doing it because she thought the pair were made for each other? Emphatically not! Mildred thought she knew what she wanted. It was just what made her dangerous. The man for her, really, was somebody with a thick neck and a close-cropped moustache—a man who knew how to make money, and didn't know just what to do with it after he got it—a man on whom she could feel that she had, more or less, thrown herself away.

As for Peter, what he'd mainly want, after

he got on his feet again, was somebody who'd have sense enough to let him alone; somebody who'd understand him and look out for him in an unobtrusive sort of way—and be fond of him without insisting on holding his hand when he was trying to paint. Janet knew that as well as she knew her own name.

At that she stopped rowing, and leaned forward on her oars. The blood came drumming into her temples. The words, "your own name," seemed to echo in mockery from the high banks of the little cove. Then, with a sudden light of anger in her eyes, "There you are," she said furiously. "You've told the truth at last! You've gone and got silly about him yourself. That's why you've been sulky. That's why you've done all the work. Just so that you could feel superior to Mildred for shirking her share. That's why you've gone on wearing these filthy clothes. Just so that you wouldn't seem to compete with her. That's why you keep out of the way and let them spoon. Just to gratify your own silly vanity." Then, "All right!" she said. "Shut up. We'll do something. Only the question is—what?"

Both of her guests noticed a difference about her when she came aboard. It was a good hour after dark, and Mildred, in a tone of protest against her avoidance of them—against, at least, the obviousness of her way of avoiding them—said, "You can't have been fishing as long as this."

"I have thought," said Janet; "and I never got my fish until about five minutes ago." She relaxed comfortably into one of the deck-chairs—a thing Peter noted she'd hardly done before in the whole three days he'd been aboard—and added, "Isn't it tiresome when you can't find the thing that's wrong, though you know all the time that something is?"

"What's been your difficulty?" asked the painter. "That motor?"

"I've been tinkering at it for three days," Janet said, "without making it the least bit better. So to-night I just went off to think. And at the last minute I got it! To-morrow, as soon as it gets light, I'm going down to see."

Next morning, when Janet came up through the companion-way, Peter Stone honestly and literally gasped and stared, as he would have at the apparition, there on

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the *Little Buttercup*, of someone he had never seen before.

Indeed, it might fairly be said that this Janet was one he'd never seen before. She was clad in a white blouse of sheer embroidered linen, a white jersey-cloth skirt, a rather long silk sweater, pale yellow, and a big Leghorn hat that toned, indistinguishably, into her—why, really wonderful!—hair. Also, she had on white doeskin shoes and white silk stockings. It is perhaps superfluous to add that she looked thoroughly and completely washed. You wouldn't have known that she ever had been within reaching distance of cylinder oil.

She greeted him with a smile, which he found himself surprisingly pleased to get, and said, "Well, I was right. I've got to take this thing"—she held up a small, chunky object—of iron, judging by the way she handled it, but carefully wrapped in a newspaper—"to Detour to get it fixed."

"You don't mean *row* there," he cried, "in the dinghy!" Though it appeared obvious that this was her intention. "But that's a frightful distance."

"It's quite a pull," she admitted. "I shan't get back till to-night—rather late, maybe. But I can do it easily enough. It's a nuisance, of course, having to dress like this. But they're so conservative in those little places that if I went in my other clothes I'd probably be arrested."

Mildred made a gesture of impatience at that, so sharp that he looked around at her in surprise. Janet's explanation of her toilet seemed reasonable enough to him. But it wasn't, apparently, her clothes Mildred was thinking of.

"It can't be necessary for you to do that, Janet!" she cried. "To go a distance like that all by yourself in that little boat; out there where anything can happen. I don't think you ought to do it. There must be some other way!"

Janet smiled again, and sat down on the rail. "Well," she said, "suggest one. I've tried. You can't run the boat without that thing." She indicated the object wrapped in newspaper. "And even if we could run three or four miles before it broke entirely it wouldn't be very nice to be swashing around outside while I rowed in from there to get it fixed. And about my not going alone. Who is there to go with me? We can't both go off and leave Mr. Stone. He's got to be

kept absolutely quiet for one more day, anyhow. And this is just the most dangerous time, because he's beginning to think he can do things. You can see to it that he doesn't, can't you?"

Mildred flushed. "I'll try, of course," she said; "but, after all, I'm not——"

"Then I'll just put him under orders before I go," Janet interrupted briskly. She stood over him, not smiling at all, but with a look in her blue eyes which he found curiously stimulating. "One day more of this will really put you on your legs," she said. "You're a lot better, I can see that. But you may lose it all if you start too soon. I'm the captain and I'm the doctor. So that's orders—that you spend to-day the way you have the last three."

"Ay, ay, Captain!" he said.

Whereupon, unexpectedly, she shook hands with him. She had an extraordinarily live hand, he noticed. His own fairly tingled from the contact.

"Of course you hate it," she said; "don't think we don't understand that."

Her parting injunctions to Mildred were pronounced from the rail, just before she slipped down into the dinghy.

"You'll get on all right," she said. "There's nothing to do but the three meals—nothing about the boat. Unless—well, it's just possible you will have to pump a little. I forgot to last night, and there wasn't time this morning. The *Buttercup*'s leaked more than usual this trip. But I don't believe it will bother you. Of course, if the water comes up above the floor boards in the cabin you will have to do something."

"But I don't know how to work the pump," wailed Mildred. "I don't even know where it is. And you're going off to let the boat sink! You simply can't go, Janet!"

"It's right down near the flywheel," said Janet easily. "Lift up the hatch cover and you will see. A little round thing with a crank. You just keep turning the handle round and round, clockwise, until the water goes away. That's all there is to do. For that matter, the *Buttercup* won't sink, anyway—unless I'm gone a good deal longer than I expect to be. Good-bye. Good luck!"

With that she was actually gone, pulling away with rhythmical, unhurried strokes, like one setting out on a long voyage. It was at a distance of perhaps a hundred yards that she called back:

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"Don't forget about the light." She had to repeat this. "The light up on the mast, you know."

Well, there was a little lantern somewhere, which Janet tied to a rope every night and hauled up to the top of the mast. But was that what she meant? Was it, anyhow, *all* she meant? Or was there, in this last injunction of hers, a reminder of one of their former conversations?

"I wish you'd tell me a lot more about her," said Peter Stone dreamily. "All you can. She's—interesting."

It struck Mildred that she had never heard a more ill-judged—well, ill-timed, anyhow—request than that. Could it be that this new hero of hers was lacking a little in the deeper qualities of understanding—tact in the truest sense?

"I certainly can't stop to talk about her now," she said. "I suppose I've got to get breakfast, if we're going to have any."

"My appetite's coming back in fine style," he said.

Acting on that suggestion, Mildred went to work to produce a really good meal—one that would surpass Janet's, anyhow. She was competent to do this, even from the unfamiliar resources of the galley. Janet's cuisine had been strictly utilitarian. She had, Mildred felt, especially considering that there was an invalid aboard, shown an almost brutal disregard of those refining touches which make so vast a difference. An hour's hard work, and the employment of every dish in the galley, resulted in a meal which, Mildred felt, did her credit.

Peter did it justice, so far as mere quantity consumed went. But it was annoying how little aware he seemed to be of the totally different—atmosphere, may I say?—in which the mere food was enveloped. Mildred herself could hardly eat at all—a phenomenon familiar to occasional cooks—so that by the time she'd finished washing up and putting the boat to rights—another hour's hard work—she felt not only quite worn out, but, from some obscure cause, bitterly resentful.

Strangely enough, this resentment seemed to be looking for a chance to attach itself to Peter. She could see him from the galley where she was at work, and the comfortable way he lay there, his eyes puckered against the breeze that was blowing in his face, caused her two or three little spurts

of the same sort of furious impatience that she used to feel towards Steven North. She was working for him like a galley-slave, and he didn't seem to care.

However, when she came up on deck again she tried hard to recapture the tone of their former hours. It was such a wonderful thing, their having a whole day together like this, calm, secure against intrusion—broadly, what she'd said to Janet *à propos* of the lightship at Saint Martin's. And it wasn't necessary to talk. Real companions felt each other through the silence. Well, that was his idea exactly; that comfortable, dreamy relaxation of his was just what she had been talking about.

Only Mildred, who talked about it, was not relaxed nor comfortable a bit. She was fidgety, she was rehearsing things to say. There was insinuating itself horribly into her paradise the conviction that she was going to be bored—frantically bored—long, long before the perfect day had drawn to its close.

Some big cumulus clouds were heaping themselves picturesquely in the eastern sky, and she invited his attention to them. "I'd give anything in the world if those clouds could mean to me what they must to you. If I could see the pictures in them that you see. Cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces, you know. I can see, I suppose, more than some people. More than"—she laughed—"Janet, poor child! But I fall short. I wish you'd tell me what you see."

"I was thinking they looked exactly like cream-puffs dipped in icing. I never knew of that being done, did you?"

She flushed and stared. And he, the next moment, with due contrition, apologised. He hadn't meant to laugh at her. He'd just told her the simple truth. They did look like cream-puffs to him. He was sorry to be so unpoetic.

She professed herself mollified. But anger had not been, after all, what she felt. The thing that had made her stare was his frightful resemblance to Steven. One of her first quarrels with him had been over his professed inability to see pictures in the fire. And Steven wrote poetry, too!

As the day wore on (and its wearing qualities seemed to be those of a granite boulder in a cliff: when she felt it must be time to be getting lunch, and peered down the companion-way to make sure, she dis-

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covered that it was a quarter to ten) these ironical and altogether perverse reminders of her late husband multiplied, and her suppressed, because incommunicable, exasperation over them rose steadily to a higher pitch.

His face took on a well-remembered look of superior amusement when she announced her intention of steering the *Little Buttercup* around by means of turning the wheel, so that she wouldn't lie broadside on to the sun. He said positively that a boat lying at anchor couldn't be steered. She might as well put on the clock in an endeavour to precipitate the sunset. And when, under the fire of his broadly derisive grin, she turned the wheel, and the *Little Buttercup* did swing round, bows on, to the sun, he had the effrontery to attribute the change to a new slant in the direction of the wind.

This unwillingness to admit he was wrong was exactly like Steven. And, to her dismay, before she realised it, she rapped out a general reflection upon his incompetence in maritime matters, as evidenced by the loss of his sloop and the only just averted loss of his life. Later, when the sun came in again, his suggestion that she should steer the *Little Buttercup* around once more was so obviously derisive that she declined, with dignity, to follow it.

The short of it was, they were quarrelling—more politely than she and Steven had done towards the last, to be sure, but in precisely the same spirit.

And then at lunch! Memories of breakfast had induced her to lay a less ambitious foundation for this meal. The *pièce de résistance* was sandwiches made with a paste of potted chicken and chopped olives. It really had been a long job, whittling all those olives—a bottleful—off their stones, and cutting them up fine, without a chopper, and he had watched her working away at the task without a word. Then she had sliced the bread very thin and trimmed the crusts off so that really they could have figured creditably at an afternoon tea.

He ate four or five of them absently, and then asked her if there was any of the chicken left that hadn't olives in it. She went, without a word, brought him up a fresh tin and an opener, and told him, politely, to help himself. But what she wanted to do was to throw it at him. That was Steven all over! And so was his apparently uncon-

scious way of taking her at her word, opening the tin and smearing great chunks of its contents upon an absolute slab of bread. Men were savages, that was the truth—all of them, she believed, the moment they stopped pretending to be something higher and better than they really were. And they did stop the moment they had a woman, even temporarily, where she couldn't get away, and where there was no one else to pretend before.

This feeling that she couldn't get away from him—short of the ultimate and desperate resort of jumping overboard—from stealing in upon her consciousness with insidious little rushes, like the waves of an advancing tide, finally took full possession of it. There they were and, peacefully or violently, there they'd have to stay until Janet came back with the dinghy.

But what if Janet didn't come back! What if something had happened to her! This idea at least was one she could talk about. It served, indeed, about three o'clock in the afternoon as an explanation of her irrepressible restlessness.

"I'm worried about that child," she said. "It was mad of her to go. Suppose anything happened to her? What could she do?"

He welcomed this subject with enthusiasm. "That's one of the extraordinary things about her," he said. "It's impossible to worry about her seriously. I mean, it is for me. She gives you a sensation of confidence that's positively fathomless. If she starts anything, you simply know she can finish it. That was the first thing I was ever aware of about her, when I was washing around that boat, three-quarters unconscious, perfectly resigned to being drowned. The minute she took hold I knew everything was all right. I suppose it's partly because there's such a nice—economy of line about everything she does. I've never seen her make a false movement. She's got less rococo about her than any other human being I ever saw."

Mildred got up and started below—ostensibly to get a book. She didn't go below, however. For, looking down the companion-way, she saw water—horrible, black-looking, iridescent water, slopping about the cabin.

With the laconic, spontaneous eloquence which such a situation evokes, she informed him of the state of things, and had the



"'Then why,' he demanded, 'have you
kep. me waiting all this while?'"—p. 857.

Drawn by
Stanley Olsie.

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The short of it was, they were quarrelling—more politely than she and Steven had done towards the last, to be sure, but in precisely the same spirit.

And then at lunch! Memories of breakfast had induced her to lay a less ambitious foundation for this meal. The *pièce de résistance* was sandwiches made with a paste of potted chicken and chopped olives. It really had been a long job, whittling all those olives—a bottleful—off their stones, and cutting them up fine, without a chopper, and he had watched her working away at the task without a word. Then she had sliced the bread very thin and trimmed the crusts off so that really they could have figured creditably at an afternoon tea.

He ate four or five of them absently, and then asked her if there was any of the chicken left that hadn't olives in it. She went, without a word, brought him up a fresh tin and an opener, and told him, politely, to help himself. But what she wanted to do was to throw it at him. That was Steven all over! And so was his apparently uncon-

scious way of taking her at her word, opening the tin and smearing great chunks of its contents upon an absolute slab of bread. Men were savages, that was the truth—all of them, she believed, the moment they stopped pretending to be something higher and better than they really were. And they did stop the moment they had a woman, even temporarily, where she couldn't get away, and where there was no one else to pretend before.

This feeling that she couldn't get away from him—short of the ultimate and desperate resort of jumping overboard—from stealing in upon her consciousness with insidious little rushes, like the waves of an advancing tide, finally took full possession of it. There they were and, peacefully or violently, there they'd have to stay until Janet came back with the dinghy.

But what if Janet didn't come back! What if something had happened to her! This idea at least was one she could talk about. It served, indeed, about three o'clock in the afternoon as an explanation of her irrepresible restlessness.

"I'm worried about that child," she said. "It was mad of her to go. Suppose anything happened to her? What could she do?"

He welcomed this subject with enthusiasm. "That's one of the extraordinary things about her," he said. "It's impossible to worry about her seriously. I mean, it is for me. She gives you a sensation of confidence that's positively fathomless. If she starts anything, you simply know she can finish it. That was the first thing I was ever aware of about her, when I was washing around that boat, three-quarters unconscious, perfectly resigned to being drowned. The minute she took hold I knew everything was all right. I suppose it's partly because there's such a nice—economy of line about everything she does. I've never seen her make a false movement. She's got less rococo about her than any other human being I ever saw."

Mildred got up and started below—ostensibly to get a book. She didn't go below, however. For, looking down the companion-way, she saw water—horrible, black-looking, iridescent water, slopping about the cabin.

With the laconic, spontaneous eloquence which such a situation evokes, she informed him of the state of things, and had the



"Then why," he demanded, "have you
kept me waiting all this while?"—p. 857.

Drawn by
Stanley Ozols.

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satisfaction—such as it was—of seeing that he was as startled and concerned as she. He said, at least, that it was a nuisance—as if he meant it. But he stopped there, and they stared at each other in silence.

"Well," she said at last, "what are we going to do about it? I wish you'd try to think."

"It would be a good deal more to the point," he said thoughtfully, "if I could begin to pump."

Days after—on the deck of Janet's father's yacht, with Janet's oldest unmarried brother Bill seeing that the cushions were just right—when she was able to look back calmly upon the events of that frightful afternoon, she could see that in that one sentence Peter Stone had revealed himself as not—fundamentally and abysmally not—the man for her. "If he could begin to pump," indeed! To command Mildred's mere respect—let alone whole-hearted love—a man had to be a man.

In the excitement of the moment she had not seen quite all that his words implied—had rushed off to bring him confirmatory and horrifying details of their plight. But what had struck her, even at the time, was his queerly detached, almost absent-minded air, as if he were thinking all the time about something else.

She hadn't, of course, asked him to go down and man the pump himself. She wouldn't have let him if he had offered. She simply wanted him—passionately wanted him—to vindicate his manhood by insisting that it was his place to go to meet the peril that confronted them. She'd then have said cheerfully, no, she would go.

But he never came near offering to do it—except, at last, in a way that made her want to slay him. She gave him the chance two or three times—each a bit more difficult to ignore than the former. He'd squirmed visibly, and once had turned away to swear, but with a queer flash of involuntary amusement. Then, finally:

"Look here," he said. "There's a choice of two things to do. I've heard Janet work that pump every night and every morning—except last night and this morning—for, I should say, fifteen minutes. So that, to make up for the two that weren't done, it ought to take about half an hour. Well, of course you can do that. Or we can just forget the water's there; go on as if we

hadn't noticed it. And that's what I'd advise."

"Just do nothing but sit here until we sink and drown!" she said, in white indignation. And then across his protest that it wasn't as bad as that: "Janet *said* the boat was leaking, didn't she? Leaking fast? And that we might *have* to pump?"

"She said it wouldn't sink before she got back," he insisted. "At least, unless she was gone longer than she expected. And she said she wouldn't be back till night—maybe late. So we're safe till then."

The sheer fatuity of this left her speechless for a minute. As if Janet or anybody else could predict, to the hour and minute, when a leaking vessel would sink! Then she stared, because his face had lighted up as at a genuine inspiration.

"I've got it!" he cried. "Listen! We'll wait until midnight. At twelve sharp I can go down and pump her out."

"What's midnight got to do with it?" she asked.

"Why," he said cheerfully, "Janet put me under orders for the day. But twelve o'clock's a new day and the orders expire."

At the expiration of five staring seconds she said, "Oh!"

She went to the hatch, lifted it again with trembling hands, and hooked it back. Then, like Marie Antoinette at the guillotine, she made her dignified preparations to descend.

He cried out in horror, "I say! You're not going down like that?" He added something about Janet's working clothes being available, but these words faded away into inaudibility as she disappeared.

And then the ghastly eternity at the pump! She tried it at first, standing, one ineffectual hand clutching at her skirt to preserve it from contamination, while the other turned the crank. But the pump, having been designed as an instrument of torture rather than for its ostensible purpose, was placed so near the bottom of the hold that presently she knelt, and finally lay, on the floor-boards. We draw the curtain!

She emerged at the end of a period of time which we have no means of measuring precisely, and went straight down into the by now only moderately sloppy cabin, and to bed. She had a really frightful headache. But in her heart was a shuddering thankfulness that she had discerned the abyss,

THE SECOND RESCUE

whose verge she had so lightly trod, in time ! She ought to be grateful to Janet for that, anyway !

The *Little Buttercup* certainly looked like the abode of peace when Janet sighted her in the cool twilight of that long day. She noted, though, at a range of a hundred yards, that Peter was alone on deck. She pulled alongside as quietly as possible.

An odd thing happened when she came aboard, an interval—a good long interval, five seconds perhaps—before either of them spoke, while they deliberately and thoughtfully looked each other over. They were both smiling a little at the end of it.

Then he said, "I'm glad—we're very glad—you're back."

And she, "How've you got along ? All right, of course ?"

"Mrs. North has a headache," he said ; "I fancy she'll be glad to see you," he added.

She was. It was a wildly dishevelled and altogether pitiable figure whom Janet contritely embraced, down in the cabin, a moment later.

"Jan, it's been *hideous* !" Mildred said in a broken whisper, her big, wide-set eyes enhancing the word. "I can't tell you ! I never want to look at him or speak to him again. I don't know what we can do."

"Leave that to me," said Janet. "It's easy. I can fix the motor now in five minutes, and to-morrow morning, as soon as it's light, we'll make the run back to Mackinac Island and put him ashore there. And then, if you like, we'll go back to Charlevoix and make Bill take us out in the big yacht. Don't you worry !"

If I were a stickler for unity, I should have to stop telling you about them at this point, since it was months before Peter and Janet got matters settled. He didn't see her, after she marooned him at Mackinac, until she came back to town in the autumn, though they exchanged notes on various subjects. Back in town, though, they began drifting about together and discovering, from week to week, how immensely preferable their own exclusive society was to that adulterated by the presence of extraneous persons. Eventually, during his February show at the Institute, this happened :

They'd been looking at his pictures, and talking in a matter-of-fact way about them

(it was one of her discoveries that she could talk with him as easily as she could with herself—even about Art) ; but by and by they wandered into a little-frequented room and sat down on a bench.

"What do you think of the great event ?" she asked.

"Mrs. North and your brother ? What do you think yourself ?"

"Bill's the proudest thing in Cook County," she said with a grin. "He thinks he did it all himself. And Mildred's just radiant. She is a dear, you know." She took his silence, contentedly enough, for assent. "Well, I'm glad to get them off my mind," she concluded.

"I'm glad, too," he said. "Now perhaps you can turn it to something else."

She didn't ask him what. There was silence for a while.

"You're the straightest thing I ever saw," he burst out at last. "There isn't a crook about you anywhere."

"That's all you know," she interrupted. "I can be a regular Machiavelli."

He exclaimed, "I just wish I could believe that !" Then, "There's a question I've been trying to ask you for months, and I just haven't had the nerve. But here goes. What was in the little hard package you took away to Detour, to get fixed, that day ?"

There was a queer little break in her voice when she answered :

"A can of corn-beef hash and a drinking-cup."

"You darling !" he said under his breath. She finished her confession. "And I went around to the outside of the island, and picked raspberries, and ate them—and the hash—and had a swim and so on. And when I thought I'd been away long enough I came back."

"Then why," he demanded, "have you kept me waiting all this while ?"

"Just because it wasn't going to be Mildred, it didn't necessarily have to be me," she explained. "You were entitled to a chance, I thought."

"And here you are," he said, furiously, "where I probably can't kiss you for hours !"

But a group of school-teachers who had been standing rapt before a picture of a dead tiger on an Oriental rug, suddenly, by one impulse, moved off through the doorway and left the room empty.

SUPERFLUITIES – VIRTUOUS AND OTHERWISE

Unorthodox Talks on Economy

By DOROTHY MARSH GARRARD

No. I.—The Craze for Cleanliness

IN these days one hears much of the necessities of life. Indeed, every ounce of force and efficiency we can as a nation muster is of value; yet, when one comes to think of it, how much time and energy we waste, each one of us, in absolutely unnecessary superfluities. Often, too, not from any personal inclination, but purely out of fear of the great idol, "*What will people say?*"

Too Much Washing

Take washing, for instance:

It was in the train and two women were talking.

"Well, I always have my cold bath every morning and a hot one at night, no matter what the weather is, or how I feel," said one, a superior-looking individual with a pinched expression.

"Of course, dear," put in the other; "I only wish I were able, but my doctor absolutely forbids more than one a day, and that warm. It is a great deprivation," she sighed, albeit cheerfully. "However, I make a point of having a Turkish bath whenever I am in town, and I am always most particular to use scented bath salts."

Suddenly a man in the corner, before apparently engrossed in his newspaper, looked up.

"One hot bath a week and a good wash every day is enough for anybody," he said emphatically, even aggressively. "You must have unnaturally dirty skins to need more." He retired again into obscured privacy.

His hearers gasped. They looked at him as at some strange animal. One, with a little gesture of disgust, drew her skirts still farther away from his vicinity. Yet, if the truth be told, he looked as clean, even cleaner, than they.

I pondered the incident.

The other day an eminent doctor, lecturing, gave it as his opinion that we, as a nation, wash too much. Excessive soap and water apparently by degrees eliminates the natural oil from the skin, thus rendering the body much more liable to chill. This does not apply to hot countries, whose inhabitants are supplied by practical Nature with a larger percentage of oil in the epidermis. But in England, to our national habit of extreme cleanliness he ascribed solely our equally national habit of catching cold. And another doctor got up and said that with this theory he entirely agreed.

Slaves to Soap and Water

Rather to the same effect it was stated recently in a semi-medical journal that if a navvy, engaged in severe manual work that caused him constantly to perspire, were to take a hot bath each day he would soon become so weak as to be unable to carry on with his occupation. One does not know if this is true. The authority was good, but as it is highly improbable that any navvy has yet tried the experiment one cannot speak with absolute certainty.

However, the truth remains: we are, from our cradles upwards, slaves to soap and water. A baby's first memory, if it has any, must be of forcible ablutions. The first years of a child's life are a succession of daily washings; and although this is no doubt excellent, as instilling into the juvenile mind the principles of cleanliness, in later life we carry it too far. This, too, very frequently, not through any particular inclination, but because we are afraid to defy custom. That cleanliness is next to godliness may be quite true, but the average Britisher places it far and away first. While not wishing to join the army of the

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great unwashed, it is almost as bad (and more waste of time) to aim at the altitude of the slightly pharisaical overwashed.

Simply for Appearance's Sake

And how many of us make this pretence of an aggressive cleanliness merely for appearance's sake. It is like a small boy I used to know who, when sent to take his morning tub and watched through the keyhole by a suspicious nurse, was seen to turn on the cold tap, splashing vigorously the while with a long-handled wooden back-scrubber. And, until sudden retribution descended upon him, that was apparently all he did intend to splash with. That particular boy is now a man, and his old nurse once said to me she often wonders (keyholes not now being available) whether the tremendous splashing that takes place each morning behind locked doors betokens anything but—well, a back-scrubber.

I remember, too, a big house in which I stayed. It may have been that I was unused to such excessive cleanliness, but life there seemed but a succession of baths. First thing in the morning came the customary cold tub. Before lunch most of the family retired to enjoy a tepid one (this, with care, one could avoid). Then, of course, there came a hot one before dinner, and last thing at night one was expected to drag limbs weary from the bridge table to still another bath. And this did not include mere partial ablutions. I reckoned in that house everyone spent quite three hours a day in washing. And surely, as the Frenchman said quite seriously, one must be very dirty to start with to need all that.

We are not Aquatic Monsters

For, after all, men are men, not aquatic monsters. Water is not their natural element—only means to an end. And the fact remains that thousands of human beings who live their whole lives in a state of grubbiness are every bit as happy as their more washed brethren. Which does not imply that to be clean is unnecessary: only that as it is an undisputed truth we must now and in the future husband to the utmost our time and energies, so will superabundant washing have to go the way of other superfluities.

Then, quite apart from the great question of to bath or not to bath, there is all the other superfluous labour of washing we

indulge in. A clean home is necessary; clean clothes are necessary: the example of Queen Isabella of Spain as regards underwear is not one which invites imitation. Quite so; but where we go wrong is that our aim is always to remove dirt, not to prevent it. And that is not a sound principle in matters domestic or otherwise.

Only a short time ago a friend of mine let her house furnished to some Canadians. When she returned she was horrified at the state of disorder to which it was reduced. The Canadians, for their part, declared it perfectly impossible to keep an English house reasonably clean without the assistance of several servants. And these, of course, were not to be had. One daily girl and a charwoman, aided by the entire family, they had discovered to be utterly ineffectual. Their special complaint was that everything inside the house and out wanted continual cleaning. And there was a good deal in what they said.

Too Much Soap and Powder

In America and most of our Colonies towns, houses, furniture, even clothes and fripperies, are designed to save labour. In England it is exactly the reverse. Look at our houses alone! Our typical furniture, household appliances, even ornaments—all require frequent and more or less expert cleaning. And in this respect it must not be forgotten that this does not mean only waste of immediate labour, but also waste of material such as is required in soaps, pastes, powders, and similar cleansing requisites. In one drawing-room I have never forgotten I counted 123 small ornaments. Imagine the time spent in dusting daily and washing periodically the said 123! The best thing would have been to have broken a dozen or so at the first trial. Then next time someone else would have been given the job.

Unnecessary Washing of Clothes

Then take the unnecessary washing of clothes. No one (at least, I have met one or two simple-lifers who said they did) wishes to return to the days of a simple and easily replaceable garment made of woad. But think for an instant of the multitude of bodily furbishings, all needing washing, to which we have by degrees become accustomed. The starched collars and shirts

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(waste of good sugar here), the super-abundant if alluring frillies, our craze for three or four clean handkerchiefs a day. It is, too, a shibboleth in many households that all linen, curtains, etc., should be washed at certain frequent intervals, without any regard as to whether they are dirty enough to need it. This also is false economy.

The Waste of Unnecessary Washing

The list is unending. In every department of our ordinary life is there waste of time, labour, and material endangered by unnecessary washing. At the lowest reckoning each one of us spends at least one hour per day in pandering to the craze for cleanliness; in other words, going beyond what is essential and reasonable in the use of soap and water. One hour each day is three hundred and sixty-five hours a year. That with, say, another seven thrown in for the rigours of spring cleaning is three hundred and seventy-two. Exactly thirty-one days, a calendar month! And what could not be done in a month?

Dirt, real dirt, is a horror, stalking hand in hand with disease. No one wishes to go back to mediæval days, when the dirtier you were the more saintly you were considered. But there is a medium in all things. And, personally, I do not believe that the man who breaks the ice on the Serpentine with a chopper and then shivers himself in the cavity will receive any particular halo in the after world. But one thing is clear. Life in the years to come will be a much more practical affair than in the comfortable pre-war days. We are as a nation slow to move, conservative. We hate our little pet traditions done away with. But we have been well shaken up; the shaking process is not by any means at an end, and when it is, let us hope we shall emerge more efficient and less given over to following blindly in the wake of our leisured, if somewhat tedious, predecessors. We have to learn essentials come first; and, to misquote a well-known saying, while cleanliness is of the essentials, three baths a day are not.



By the River.

Photo: W. Hill.

MY NEPHEW

By

H. D. CAMPBELL

AS I laid down the twenty close-written pages of feminine criss-crossed handwriting, I vented a sigh of relief, brought a cigar and my thinking machinery to work, and wrestled with the problem of what it was all about.

The third cigar vaguely hinted that my bachelor peace was to be invaded, and while I was chewing the stump of the fifth a Sherlock Holmes glow of satisfaction spread over me, as bit by bit the cipher disclosed its secret.

It seems that I have a nephew whose existence I had forgotten until my dear sister Madge reminded me that I had acted godfather to him thirteen years ago. But a man's sins are sure to find him out, and to-day I am rueing with futile wailing and gnashing of teeth the consequence of my rash act.

Madge and Frank have decided on a lengthy tour—it says a lot for Frank's indomitable will if he can get his feminine goods beyond Paris—and as they don't wish to interfere with the educational process of their precious offspring, he is to remain at school and come to me during his vacations. That is the gist—so far as I can make out—of the twenty pages.

As I switched my memory on the backward track, I recalled my last glimpse of Frank junior: a bald-headed, squalling bundle of lace, surrounded by feminine worshippers cooing a jargon as incomprehensible to a mere man of ordinary intelligence as ancient Chinese or Sanskrit. And from then till nine months ago my life had been spent under a broiling African sun.

Sims brought in the supper tray. Sims is so very immaculate that he sometimes rasps one's nerves, and I secretly exulted in the fact that I would not be alone in the mental and domestic discomfort.

Poor Sims! He ran my simple *ménage* as smoothly as well-oiled clockwork. Order and Method were his twin gods, but how

he would fit in the new arrival was matter beyond my ken.

I broke the news to him. "Er—Sims, I have a young nephew coming here for the Christmas vac. How shall we fix him? Shall we rig up a small crib in my room?"

I remembered that when I saw him last he occupied a crib in his mother's bedroom.

"Ahem! May I ask how old the young gentleman is, sir?"

"Thirteen."

Sims's face was like a graven image.

"Then I think, sir, he could occupy the small dressing-room adjoining yours."

"An excellent idea, Sims. Strange I never thought of that."

He saluted and withdrew, and I resisted a strong inclination to shy a cushion at five feet nine of vanishing imperturbability. But he would merely have replaced it with lofty impassiveness, making me feel like the lower species of the order of cad. I tried it once, so I know. Yet Sims was one of my old regiment.

That night I inspected the small dressing-room adjoining mine.

The next maternal budget from Madge showed with appalling perspicuity that I had undertaken a Herculean labour beyond my power.

As "dear little Frankie," to quote his mother, was far from strong, he had to take three drops of iron in a wineglassful of water before meals, and I was to be very careful that he sucked them through a tube; half a teaspoonful of something or other after meals to aid digestion, and a dessertspoonful of cod-liver oil twice daily.

Poor Frankie! It was my humble opinion he would require a nightly dose of castor oil to settle the disturbing elements in his tortured little inside.

Then he had to wear a certain suit in the morning, another one when visiting—ye gods! did Madge think I was going to sport him at the club!—and a blue velvet creation with Maltese collar and cuffs for special



"What a fool thing to do!"

occasions. Somehow I hoped Madge had the gumption to leave that blue velvet creation out of his school kit.

At the end of the letter were three postscripts—the third in a masculine hand:

"A thousand thanks, old man. Keep the whip hand of the youngster and make a man of him. I would rather have our only son a soldier than a bookworm.—FRANK."

So that was it! Frank, the younger, stood in a fair way of becoming a first-class mollycoddle between the bookishness of his father—Sir Frank Swanton, the noted archaeologist—and the pampering of his mother. Therefore they were sending him to me—an old soldier—to make a man of him, and I did not relish the job.

Madge was in blissful ignorance of the paternal advice, otherwise there would have been another sheaf of postscripts.

The first bit of tangible trouble arrived in the shape of a large Saratoga with the initials "F. R. S." painted in white; beneath was a strange device which caused

me considerable surprise and apprehension. Crudely splashed in red was a skull and crossbones, and a heart with a dagger dripping realistic blobs of blood. The red paint was scarcely dry, and my thoughts flew to apaches, secret societies, and Lord knows what. Swanton was a wealthy man; supposing his son and heir had been kidnapped for the sake of ransom!

Without taking the saner precaution of wiring to the school first, I phoned Scotland Yard, and down came a brace of detectives, immediately nosing on the scent with microscope and notebook. After unearthing the genealogical tree for their inspection—and turning up a good deal of mud in the process—the bloodhounds, scenting a new trail, sleuthed off in the direction of the railway company; and then for the first time I noticed something unusual about Sims. Had he not been Sims I would have said he was suffering from in-

ternal risible spasms. His back view heaved convulsively, and I cried in alarm:

"Anything wrong, Sims?"

He faced round from folding a pile of small pants, his face strangely flushed, but otherwise emotionless.

"No, sir; but—er—if I may make so bold, I think the young gentleman has done it himself. This fell out of one of his pockets."

"This" was a well-thumbed, paper-backed periodical, well known to every boy in the embryo stage of high adventure. On the cover, printed in red, was a facsimile of the cryptogram on the trunk, with the thrilling title, "The Gang of the Skull and Crossbones, or The Capture of Death-Dealing Pete."

II

THE evening before this perplexing problem was to arrive I took a final look at the small dressing-room adjoining mine. I had given Sims carte blanche to make the room ship-shape, and now I marvelled at his success. Even the sheets on the small brand new brass bedstead were carefully turned down in readiness for its

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occupant. On a table near the bed stood an array of medicine bottles, a measuring-glass, and a pile of books. As I scanned the titles, I, George Heathcote Lawrence, who had come decently through a South African campaign, experienced, for the first time, pure, unadulterated, blue funk. A boy who took his Virgil, Cæsar, and Euclid with him on his holidays was surely not human.

I had actually been looking forward to this necessity thrust upon me, for the cryptogram on the trunk raised my hopes of something alive: some roguish youngster full of schoolboy pranks. But now the medicine bottles and books held the casting vote in favour of a puny, fossilised book-grubber, already raking up the dry bones of the past, and with not one ounce of vim in his whole body. I had a frantic inclination to wire that I was down with smallpox, cholera—anything to stave off that evil hour. But it passed, and when I thought of a certain volume of *Chums*, and a wonderful toy aeroplane reposing securely in a locked cupboard, I felt glad no one knew of my folly.

After dinner, when Sims was out of the way, I made for my sanctum, locked the door, and poked the fire into a blaze. But before commencing the work of destruction I would first see how the thing worked.

It was not so easy as it seemed from the instructions, and I was getting hot and dogged over the job, when suddenly she answered. The aeroplane soared gently and gracefully upward, bumped into the ceiling, and volplaned to the ground with a crash.

Simultaneously with the crash came a long-drawn "Ah!" of disappointment.

I swung round to see a queer figure emerging from the drawn window curtains: a street waif, with clothes in rags, face plastered with dirt, and a thatch of flaming red hair. Paying no heed to me, he stepped over to the wrecked aeroplane, and, kneeling down, examined it with loving hands the while he voiced his regret.

"What a fool thing to do! Set off a little beauty like that in a room, and now it's smashed to smithereens!"

The voice was not that of a street waif,

but I suddenly became alive to the duties of a law-abiding citizen.

"Hallo! what are you doing here? How did you get in?" I demanded sternly.

He scrambled to his feet and grinned.

"An old bloke downstairs said his master didn't encourage beggars, and told me to get papers to sell. But while he went for a stray copper, I slipped in."

"Indeed! When you slip out again, young man, it will be in the hands of a stray copper who will march you to the police station. Who are you? Where do you come from?"

The grin deepened as he replied sweetly:

"Well, Nunks, I believe I am your dutiful nephew; but fancy a man with a V.C. trying to fly an aeroplane in a room!" The contempt in his tone was unmistakable.

"Eh! God bless my soul! My nephew!"

"Thank God!
The old flag's saved!"



I stared in amazement, and then cried in alarm:

"But what's the matter with your face?"

I thought at first it was dirt; now I discovered it was bruises rapidly turning rainbow colours. An ugly cut slashed his lip, and his right eye was damaged.

"Some boys shouted 'Carrots!' and I had to teach them that my name wasn't 'Carrots.' But it wasn't a fair fight," he

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added indignantly, "for it was three to one."

I turned abruptly, unlocked the door, and rang for Sims to bring a raw beefsteak.

Sims's demeanour implied that this was the usual manner for strange nephews to introduce themselves to strange uncles, and while we were combining the duties of doctor and valet this young cherub related his adventures.

The boys of Warton College are honoured by the friendship of a certain railway guard, who, as a great favour, sometimes allows them to ride in the sacred precincts of the guard's van. This privilege would not be granted on break-up day, because of the number of boys travelling; so, with a little diplomacy, Frank junior received his passports from headquarters in advance, waved his farewells from the window of an orthodox "first," at the next station changed to the guard's van, and for the rest of the journey was initiated into the mysteries of the Westinghouse brake.

Such was the reason for his premature arrival, while his pugilistic encounter explained his dilapidated condition. He also extenuated his burglarious entrance with the plea that he wanted to learn what particular classification of old fossil his uncle might prove to be—which was turning the tables with a vengeance.

The Christmas vacations passed only too quickly; for life, crammed with boundless possibilities, opened afresh to Sims and me.

One day the Cherub and I had mapped a glorious day: the Zoo, dinner at the Troc., with a pantomime to follow. That was the one and only occasion when I mildly hinted at the existence of a certain blue velvet suit; but the poor Cherub's stare of blank dismay banished the mention of it for evermore.

At the last moment business required me at the War Office, and to obviate the Cherub's very audible disappointment I detailed Sims as cicerone.

The Cherub returned bursting with excitement, and as I listened to the wonders being unfolded, I could scarcely believe my ears: the dignified, decorous Sims perched on a camel's back seemed unthinkable. But I envied Sims.

One night I slipped up to have a look at the sleeping innocent, but was arrested at

the door by the sound of voices. Peeping inside, I beheld an unusual sight.

The Cherub was sitting up in bed, his arms clasped round his knees, which were drawn up on a level with his chin. Sims was sitting on the edge of the bed, and had just finished some yarn with fine gusto.

"Golly!" piped an awestricken voice. "And he still stuck to the colours!"

"Yes," answered a voice I scarcely recognised as Sims's, so vibrant was it with a swelling undercurrent of pride, "an' when we took the colours from him he said, 'Thank God! the old flag's saved!' and fell back dead."

There was a long silence, then:

"Just one more, Sims. Tell me about Nunks potting that fat old nig. in the bread-basket. Oh! and tell me about him carrying you on his back from under the ruddy nose of the enemy, and the devils firing like blue blazes," and he hugged his knees in anticipation.

I crept softly away, wondering what Madge would say to dear little Frankie being taught guard-room slang. But I would never again be tempted to shy cushions at Sims, for I had discovered the vulnerable chink in his armour of decorum.

The Cherub was strangely silent as we walked the platform. Sims was attending to his luggage.

"Cheer up, sonny! It won't be long till Easter, and you will soon be back again."

"Nunks, you're a brick, and I'm a beast," was the vehement answer. "And you'll never have me back again."

As the train was steaming out he yelled:

"Don't let Jimjams get too fat, Sims, and look after Billy till I come—" The young voice broke, and Sims stood at the salute till the white handkerchief was no longer visible.

Jimjams was a white rat, and Billy was a parrot; but I knew they would both live on the fat of the land till their young master's return.

III

I T wanted exactly five days to the Easter vacations, for Sims and I were counting them. The small dressing-room adjoining mine was all in readiness, except that the sheets had to be turned down on the small bed and a pyjama-case placed under the pillow. But it was with very

MY NEPHEW

different feelings we anticipated the advent of the Cherub.

I was planning a programme that included motoring, fishing, golf, aviation, with a week-end at Aldershot thrown in; and wondering how I was going to crowd them all into one brief, glorious fortnight, when Sims announced:

"Lady Swanton."

"Madge!" I gasped.

She rustled in with all her old silken impetuosity, and pecked my cheek.

"Yes, dear boy. I suppose you thought I was at Timbuctoo. Unfortunately, we stuck at Mexico. Frank could not tear himself away from some Aztec excavations, so I left him and came home. Well, how did you and Frankie pull together? I can't get a word out of him about his visit. And—upon my word, George, you don't seem over and above pleased to see me." And so she rattled on; but her sharp eyes must have detected something of my dismay, when it suddenly flashed on me that Madge's return meant no Cherub in the small dressing-room adjoining mine.

I mollified Madge and she turned on the conversational tap with renewed vigour. When its flow was somewhat quenched I hazarded:

"I say, Madge, who was the Rufus in our family?"

"Rufus! What do you mean?"

"Well, if you must have it—from whom does Frank inherit his red hair?"

"Frank! Red hair! But Frank hasn't red hair!"

"What d'you call it, then?" I was beginning to feel nettled.

"Why, fair, of course! He takes it from our side, for the Swantons are all dark."

"Are you sure, Madge?" I gasped weakly, a dreadful suspicion beginning to grip me.

"Sure!" she ejaculated, rising in righteous maternal indignation. "Do you think I don't know the colour of my own child's hair? Of course I am sure!"

"Well, all I know is that the boy who came to me as Frank Swanton had thick, flaming red hair."

"It wasn't my Frank," she snapped, "and I am off to solve this mystery. I understand now why Frank couldn't tell me anything about his visit."

I slung after Madge, and together we journeyed to Warton College.

My thoughts were in a chaotic whirl. Who was this boy who had stolen into the shrivelled hearts of two old military machines and proved to them that life was not a dreary parade ground of routine,

"I am very sorry, mother,
if I have displeased you"



but a wide field of stirring action and boundless surprises? Little idiosyncrasies, overlooked at the time, now assumed significant proportions and explained why medicine bottles were left untouched, books unread; and also why the Cherub never mentioned his father or mother. When I broached that subject the replies were monosyllabic.

On reaching Warton College I cautioned Madge to have a private interview with the culprit first, and when he appeared I saw he was not my Frank.

It was a fair, pale-faced boy, already developing the scholarly stoop, who dutifully kissed his mother, and blushed painfully on beholding me. But the youngster was grit all through, for after being raked with the fire of maternal wrath he drew himself erect with:

"I am very sorry, mother, if I have displeased you; but I did so want to do some

THE QUIVER

swotting during the holidays. And—and I didn't know Uncle George."

"But where did you go?" demanded his mother.

"I stayed at school. There was no one here but the house-master and the servants. I could swot as much as I liked, and I had a ripping time."

"I dare say," said his mother dryly. "No wonder you look like a washed-out rag."

But it was my innings, and I batted in.

"Did you know, Frank, that another boy foisted himself in your place?"

The forerunner of a grin crinkled round his eyes.

"Oh yes, uncle; that was Ginger—I mean, Francis Stevens. He always has to stay in school during vac. because his father and mother are dead."

"Send Stevens to me." I may add that we had already seen the head master, who gave us permission to deal first with the case.

Madge rose hurriedly.

"Come, Frankie, we shall leave uncle to deal with this young scapegrace."

But as the door closed on them Frank dashed back, his face alive with consternation.

"Oh, uncle," he pleaded, "please don't scold Ginger. He has no decent home, and his measly old aunt hates him like poison. And he had such a glorious time; he's always talking about it, and it wasn't his fault at all, it was mine."

The sense was somewhat mixed, but I understood and patted him soothingly.

"All right, sonny. Don't fret. I won't eat Master Stevens."

My look reassured him, and off he went, while I paced the room, thrilled with tumultuous emotions. I would see this young rogue again—aye! and many times, for he had no one belonging to him except an old aunt who hated him like poison, and consequently would not be sorry to be relieved of her responsibility. With difficulty I repressed these wildly exultant feelings, and forced to the front the sternest look I could

muster as a very subdued Cherub entered the room.

"Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Please, sir, I'm awfully sorry, and I know I'm the meanest skunk alive. I—I tried to tell you before I left. But it was all so jolly, and you were such a brick, and—and I couldn't."

The voice ended abruptly, with a suspicious break.

"And whose brilliant idea was this?" I asked.

"Mine, sir. Swanton was talking about his soldier uncle. But as he didn't know him, he said he would far rather stay at school and swot than go to him at vac. It was our initials being the same that made me think of it, and then we are the same height. When Mrs. Horton—that's the matron—took suddenly ill and had to go home, the breaking-up arrangements were all at sixes and sevens. Some of the boys went away earlier. And in the muddle it was quite easy for Swanton and me to change places."

"Where do your people live?" I asked.

"I have only an Aunt Selina, and she lives in Hants."

"All right, I am going to see your aunt."

The tone was one of hopeless resignation:

"She will send me to a reformatory, or a training-ship. She always threatens to, and now she will do it."

"Oh no, she won't," I said briskly.

"She will merely place you under the tender mercies of Major-General George Heathcote Lawrence, and, young man, you'll have to mind your P's and Q's."

He stared in wondering incredulity, until I explained:

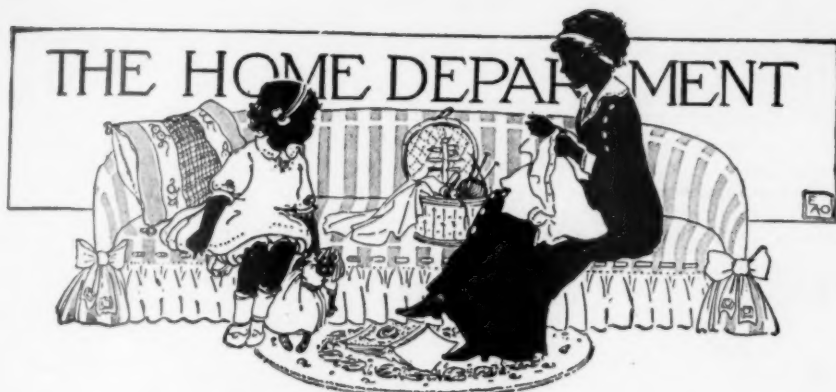
"Jimjams has been gorged till he has almost burst the bounds of decency; and Billy is dying of a broken heart for new words to conquer."

Then the light that is not on land or sea burst on that tear-dimmed face, as he whispered hoarsely:

"Oh, Nunks!"

And that is how I became possessed of a nephew who is no kith or kin of mine.





THE "TROTWOOD" D'OYLEY

THIS is a beautiful d'oyley, and it has the special advantage of laundering particularly well. The pattern consists of ten circles joined together on the last row, an inner and an outer edge.

The model was worked with Ososilkie Lustre crochet cotton, No. 60. This makes a d'oyley which nicely fits a bread-and-butter plate. The centre, a circle of linen or damask, will be about 4 inches in diameter.

The Circles

Work 8 ch. and join into a ring.

Row 1.—4 ch. (3 for a tr.), 1 tr., 1 ch. eleven times, join with sl-st.

Row 2.—Sl-st. into first 1 ch. hole, 9 ch., 1 d.tr. in next hole (cotton twice over needle), 4 ch., 1 d.tr. ten times, 4 ch., sl-st. to the fifth stitch of 9 ch.

Row 3.—2 sl-st. to middle of next 4 ch. hole, 3 d.c.; * 3 d.c. in next hole, 5

ch., draw stitch through the first d.c., making a ring; 9 d.c. over 5 ch. ring; 3 d.c. in remaining half of space. Repeat from * eleven times. Break off cotton, and work the end in carefully at back.

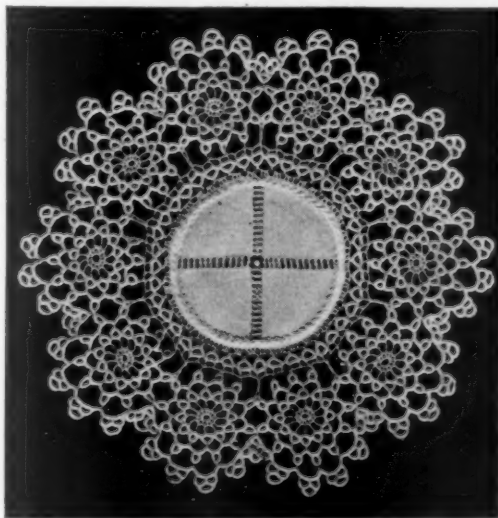
Row 4.—1 d.c. in fifth d.c. of each ring, with 8 ch. between.

Row 5.—Into each space of 8 ch. work 9 d.c.; 6 ch.; draw stitch through sixth d.c. 11 d.c. over the 6 ch. loop, 5 d.c. in remainder of space; repeat eleven times. The joining of the circles is done by catching together two rings on the

sixth d.c. of the eleven. Three rings are left for the inner edge, and five for the outer edge.

Inner Edge

Row 1.—* 1 d.c. on middle ring of a circle, 7 ch., 1 tr. on next ring, 13 ch., 1 d.c. on fourth stitch of next ring, 1 ch., 1 d.c. on first stitch of next ring. Catch to the sixth of 13 ch., 7 ch., 1 tr. on next ring, 7 ch.; repeat from * nine times.



This dainty D'Oyley is very easily made.

*. ABBREVIATIONS: ch., chain; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; d., tr., double treble; d.c., double crochet; h., hole.

THE QUIVER

Row 2.—6 ch., 1 tr. in fourth stitch of 7 ch., 3 ch., 1 tr. on tr., 3 ch.; repeat all round. Sl-st. to third to sixth ch.

Row 3.—2 d.c. in first hole, 4 d.c. in next hole, 2 d.c. in next, 6 ch.; draw loop through first d.c., 11 d.c. over 6 ch. loop, 2 d.c. in same space as last two, 4 d.c. in next, 2 d.c. in next; repeat all round.

Row 4.—1 tr. on middle stitch of a d.c. loop, * 6 ch., 1 tr. on next ring; repeat from * all round.

Row 5.—1 tr., 1 ch. 3 times in each space all round.

Outer Edge

Row 1.—1 d.c. on fifth stitch of last ring on a circle, * 8 ch., 1 d.c. between two joined rings, 8 ch., 1 d.c. on next ring; in ch.; 1 d.c. on next ring four times; repeat from * all round.

Row 2.—* In first loop of 12 ch. work 17 d.c., 6 ch., draw loop through twelfth d.c.; 6 more ch., draw loop through sixth d.c.; 10 d.c. over loop just made, 5 d.c. over next loop, 6 ch., catch in sixth stitch of previous loop, 11 d.c. over 6 ch. loop, 5 d.c. in next loop, 5 d.c. in remainder of 12 ch. loop; repeat three times. Over 8 ch. loop work 9 d.c., 5 ch.; draw through fifth d.c.; 5 ch., draw through first d.c.; 8 ch. over each loop, 5 d.c. over remainder of 8 ch.; 5 d.c. in next 8 ch. loop, 3 ch., draw through first d.c. of previous five, work 5 d.c. over 3 ch., 9 d.c. over remainder of 8 ch. loop, 5 ch., draw through fifth, 5 ch., draw through first, 8 ch. over loop, 6 ch., draw through joining stitch of the two 8 ch. loops on the other side, 10 d.c. over 6 ch. loop, 8 d.c. over remaining 5 ch. loop; repeat all round.

THE "ESTNOR" CORNER PIECE

USE Ardern's No. 26 lustre crochet cotton and size 6 needle. A hole is 2 chain with a treble into the 3rd chain stitch.

Commence with 139 chain and 6 chain to turn, four of which count as the edge treble, the remaining two being for the first hole.

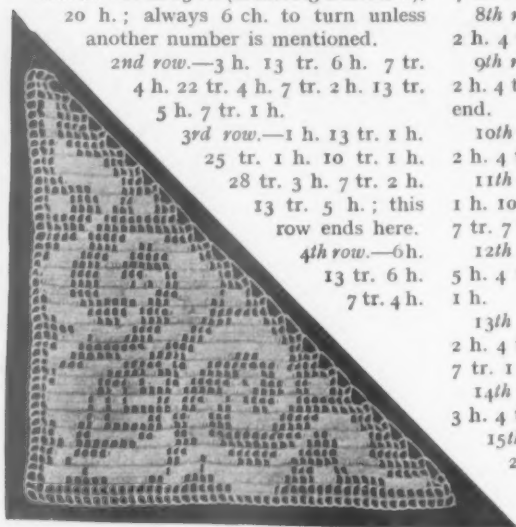
1st row.—22 h. 13 tr. (including one made), 20 h.; always 6 ch. to turn unless another number is mentioned.

2nd row.—3 h. 13 tr. 6 h. 7 tr. 4 h. 22 tr. 4 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 13 tr. 5 h. 7 tr. 1 h.

3rd row.—1 h. 13 tr. 1 h. 25 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 1 h.

28 tr. 3 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 13 tr. 5 h.; this row ends here.

4th row.—6 h. 13 tr. 6 h. 7 tr. 4 h.



The "Estnor" Corner Piece.

10 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 31 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 2 h.

5th row.—2 h. 7 tr. 4 h. 19 tr. 3 h. 13 tr. 6 h. 7 tr. 5 h. 10 tr. 5 h.; end of row.

6th row.—5 h. 10 tr. 4 h. 4 tr. 9 h. 7 tr. 3 h. 13 tr. 7 h. 4 tr. 3 h.

7th row.—2 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 16 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 11 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 13 tr. 3 h.; end.

8th row.—4 h. 16 tr. 5 h. 13 tr. 3 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 7 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 2 h.

9th row.—1 h. 13 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 13 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 3 h. 16 tr. 5 h. 10 tr. 3 h.; end.

10th row.—10 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 6 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 13 tr. 1 h.

11th row.—1 h. 13 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 4 h. 7 tr. 7 h.; end.

12th row.—3 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 4 h. 10 tr. 5 h. 4 tr. 4 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 16 tr. 1 h.

13th row.—2 h. 13 tr. 4 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 5 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 1 h.; end.

14th row.—5 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 5 h. 7 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 5 h. 16 tr. 2 h.

15th row.—1 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 13 tr. 5 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 8 h. 4 tr. 4 h.; end.

16th row.—4 h. 10 tr. 3 h. 16 tr. 5 h. 10 tr. 6 h. 7 tr. 1 h.

17th row.—2 h. 7 tr. 8 h. 7 tr. 4 h. 31 tr. 2 h.; end.

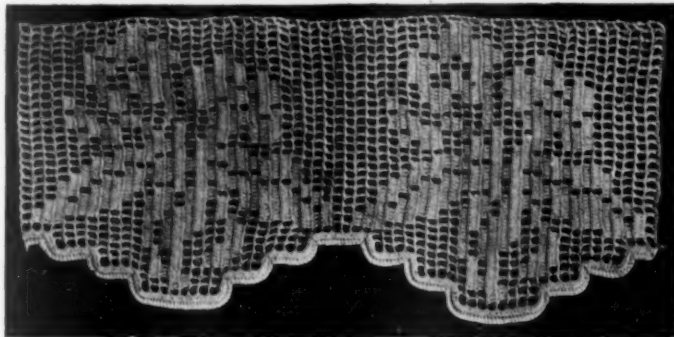
THE "PRIMROSE" LACE

18th row.—3 h. 25 tr. 3 h. 10 tr. 4 h. 10 tr.
1 h. 10 tr. 2 h.
19th row.—4 h. 19 tr. 4 h. 10 tr. 3 h. 19 tr.
2 h.; end.
20th row.—3 h. 10 tr. 4 h. 10 tr. 4 h. 7 tr.
3 h. 13 tr. 2 h.
21st row.—1 h. 13 tr. 5 h. 4 tr. 4 h. 13 tr.
7 h.; end.
22nd row.—3 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 13 tr. 3 h. 4 tr.
7 h. 10 tr. 1 h., turn with 4 ch.
23rd row.—10 tr. 4 h. 19 tr. 3 h. 13 tr.
1 h. 7 tr. 1 h.; end.
24th row.—4 h. 13 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr.
1 h. 10 tr. 4 h. 10 tr. 4 ch.
25th row.—10 tr. 4 h. 7 tr. 3 h. 7 tr. 2 h.
13 tr. 2 h.; end.
26th row.—3 h. 13 tr. 6 h. 7 tr. 4 h. 10 tr.
6 ch.
27th row.—1 h. 10 tr. 4 h. 7 tr. 5 h. 10 tr.
2 h.; end.
28th row.—3 h. 13 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 4 h. 10 tr. 2 h.
29th row.—4 h. 4 tr. 5 h. 13 tr. 4 h.; end.

30th row.—12 h. 4 tr. 5 h.
31st row.—6 h. 4 tr. 9 h.; end.
32nd row.—3 h. 7 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 4 h. 7 tr. 1 h.
33rd row.—1 h. 7 tr. 4 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 7 tr.
1 h.; end.
34th row.—5 h. 10 tr. 6 h.
35th row.—3 h. 19 tr. 3 h.; end.
36th row.—4 h. 19 tr. 2 h.
37th row.—2 h. 16 tr. 3 h.; end.
38th row.—6 h. 7 tr. 2 h.
39th row.—2 h. 4 tr. 5 h.; end.
40th row.—6 h. 4 tr. 1 h.
41st row.—1 h. 4 tr. 4 h.; end.
42nd row.—4 h. 4 tr. 1 h.
43rd row.—1 h. 4 tr. 2 h.; end.
44th row.—4 h.
45th row.—2 h.; end.
46th row.—2 h.

Make a row of holes along the two straight edges, allowing 5 ch. round the point. Along the cross-edge carry 8 ch. with a short-stitch from point to point.

THE "PRIM- ROSE" LACE



A strong Lace that would lend itself to many different uses.

USE Arden's No. 26 lustre crochet cotton and size 6 needle. A hole is 2 chain with a treble into the 3rd chain stitch. Allow 6 chain to turn each row, four of which count as the edge treble; the remaining two are for the first hole.

Commence with 73 ch. and 6 to turn.

1st row.—24 h.

2nd row.—1 h. 7 tr. (including one made), 21 h.

3rd row.—20 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 1 h., then an extension of 6 ch. and 6 to turn.

4th row.—2 h. on the extension, 1 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 19 h.

5th row.—17 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 3 h.

6th row.—4 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 16 h.

7th row.—8 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 4 h., then the extension again.

8th row.—2 h. on the extension, 4 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 13 tr. 7 h.

9th row.—8 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 13 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 7 h.

10th row.—2 h. 10 tr. 2 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 6 h.

11th row.—5 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 16 tr. 1 h., then the extension again.

12th row.—2 h. on the extension, 1 h. 7 tr. 3 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 13 tr. 1 h. 13 tr. 5 h.

THE QUIVER

13th row.—7 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 10 tr.
1 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 6 h. 4 tr. 3 h.
14th row.—7 h. 28 tr. 4 h. 13 tr. 6 h.
15th row.—7 h. 7 tr. 7 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 16 tr.
4 h. 4 tr. 1 h.
16th row.—1 h. 25 tr. 2 h. 22 tr. 7 h. 4 tr.
4 h.
17th row.—3 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 16 tr. 2 h. 4 tr.
1 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 2 h.
18th row.—2 h. 10 tr. 3 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 7 tr.
1 h. 7 tr. 4 h. 19 tr. 3 h.
19th row.—1 h. 13 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 3 h. 4 tr.
1 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 16 tr. 5 h.
20th row.—Slip over 2 h. and commence
over the third with 9 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 3 h.
4 tr. 3 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 10 tr. 1 h.
21st row.—2 h. 10 tr. 3 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 4 tr.
3 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 8 h.
22nd row.—7 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 7 tr.
2 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 3 h.
23rd row.—3 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 13 tr. 3 h. 7 tr.
2 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 7 h.
24th row.—Slip over 2 h. and commence

over the third with 4 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 3 h.
7 tr. 4 h. 10 tr. 4 h.
25th row.—10 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 7 tr.
1 h. 7 tr. 4 h.
26th row.—4 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 6 h. 4 tr. 1 h.
4 tr. 9 h.
27th row.—19 h. 13 tr. 3 h.
28th row.—Slip over 2 h. and commence
over the third with 1 h. 7 tr. 21 h.
29th row.—22 h. 4 tr. 1 h.
30th row.—24 h.
31st row.—Repeat from 1st row.
1st row of edge.—Make a slip-through
stitch in each inner corner, 2 short stitches
into the hole each side of the inner corner,
7 short stitches into each hole at the
points, and 3 short stitches into all the
other holes.
2nd row of edge.—A slip-through
stitch into the one at each inner corner, miss a
short stitch at each side of the slip-through
stitch, then make a short stitch into each
one round the point and along the edge.

THE PICKLING SEASON

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

THE "dog days" of August will soon be upon us and the soaking heat of the sun will hasten the ripening of the late summer fruits and vegetables. During this month those of us for whom the question of holidays is in abeyance might do worse than utilise any spare moments for laying in a store of pickled vegetables and fruits, for with the increased cost of labour, the importation restrictions, and other war-conditions, the price of the manufactured articles soars higher and higher.

A Useful Digestive

There are, of course, many persons who maintain that pickles are both unnecessary and indigestible, and others who think they are wearisome and difficult to make; but, personally, I disagree with both these factions, and declare that pickles made fresh from wholesome ingredients, and partaken of in moderation, are not only a good digestive stimulant, but that they make up, in no small way, for the lack of fresh vegetables during the winter months. The second objection, i.e., the troublesomeness of making—well, those of my readers who will glance at the

following recipes will, I am sure, say that this objection is not really an objection at all. Take, for instance, this recipe for home-made chutney as an example.

Ingredients.—One and half lb. tomatoes (ripe), 2 lb. apples, 1 lb. brown sugar, 1 lb. onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. chillies, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful ground ginger, 1 small saltspoonful cayenne pepper, vinegar.

To Make Home-made Chutney

Peel the apples and onions and chop them finely together. If the skins and seeds of the tomatoes are disliked they can be removed by scalding the fruit and passing it through a coarse sieve. The garlic must be very finely shredded, and I dare say some of my readers will prefer to omit this ingredient altogether, as it is rather an acquired taste. Put all into a basin and cover with vinegar. Stir well and leave for at least twelve hours. Next day turn into an enamel-lined stew-pan, and boil gently for two hours, stirring often with a wooden spoon. Turn into pots or wide-mouthed bottles and tie down. The best time for making this and other apple chutney is

THE PICKLING SEASON

when the first sharp, juicy fruit makes its appearance in the markets. Should the store of this condiment become exhausted before the apples are ready, green rhubarb or gooseberries can be used instead.

Chutney is generally regarded as the proper accompaniment of curry only, but we eat it with cold meats and cheese; it is also excellent in the sandwiches, for which there is such a large demand these days.

Spiced fruits are often served with hot meat, both in America and on the Continent. Large red plums prepared in this way are particularly good with roast beef. Unfortunately, all sweet and many other pickles require sugar, which, at the time of writing, is a restricted commodity, but I give the recipes in the hope that long ere the pickling season is here our promised sugar ships will have safely landed their cargoes, and we shall feel justified in using a certain amount for future consumption.

Spiced Plums

Take 4 lb. ripe red plums as much of a size as possible (about as large as a small egg is best). Wipe them with a clean, dry cloth. Put 1 pint vinegar (white wine if procurable), 1 lb. brown sugar, 2 oz. whole spices (cloves, allspice, cinnamon, etc.), tied up in a little muslin bag, into a lined saucepan, and boil for ten minutes. Remove any scum that rises. Lay the fruit very gently in the liquor, and cook, simmering only, until the plums are tender. Overcooking or boiling too hard will burst the skins and cause the fruit to look unsightly. The plums are sufficiently cooked when the skins can be easily pierced with a knitting needle.

Lift the pan off the fire and remove the plums into stone jars, then cover the hot syrup. Tie down and store in a dry place. Given the necessary time and patience, this pickle is greatly improved by re-boiling the liquor once or twice and pouring it hot over the fruit.

Other fruits, such as pears, large cherries, vegetable marrows and melons (cut into suitable pieces) can be treated in the same way.

Salted Cucumbers

Pickles, like preserves, have to be made at the psychological moment or the opportunity is lost not to return for another twelve

months. In order then to obtain the best results, both as regards economy and flavour, the housewife must watch the market, or her own garden produce, and buy or gather whenever any particular commodity is at its best and cheapest. It is quite easy to keep a stone jar of vinegar and the necessary spices and other ingredients at hand, which only need to be boiled together and added to the fruit and vegetable which is ready for use.

For this cucumber pickle you will need 15 small freshly cut cucumbers, 4½ pints water, 1½ lb. salt, 2 teaspoonfuls tartaric acid, peppercorns, cloves, a stick of horse-radish, ½ lb. sour grapes, and some vine and bay leaves. Wash the cucumbers and lay them in cold water. Dry and wrap each one in vine leaves. Have ready a large earthenware jar, and place the wrapped up cucumbers in layers with a sprinkling of tartaric acid, grated horse-radish, bay leaves and sour grapes between each layer. Boil the water with the salt. When cold add the vinegar, and pour over the cucumbers. Tie down tightly.

Indian Pickle

Required ½ lb. green ginger, 2 quarts vinegar, ½ oz. turmeric, 2 oz. salt, 1 oz. mustard seeds, ½ oz. peppercorns, ½ oz. garlic, a little cayenne. The green ginger can generally be procured from any good seedsman.

Slice the ginger finely, and boil it with the vinegar, spices, etc., for five minutes. Take equal proportions of peeled and sliced tart apples, sliced ripe tomatoes and cauliflower. The last-named ingredients must be par-boiled, and the flower (only) divided into neat sprigs. About 6 lb. in all will be required. Arrange in layers in stone jars. Pour the hot vinegar over, tie down very closely, and keep for three or four weeks before consuming.

Many persons are very fond of the flavour of pickled walnuts, but find the "nuts" prepared according to the ordinary recipes cause indigestion. Walnut ketchup, made as follows, contains all the delicious flavour, and can be used in stews, hashes, soups, etc., as well as a sauce to be eaten with hot or cold meat and fish.

The walnuts must be very young and tender. They are usually ready to be gathered early in August. They must be

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pounded in a mortar until they become a juicy pulp, then passed through a coarse hair sieve. If preferred the juice only can be used, and this is extracted from the pulp by squeezing it through a cloth.

To every gallon of pulp or juice add 1 lb. of anchovies (also pounded), $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. salt, 2 oz. black pepper, 1 oz. cayenne, 1 oz. each bruised ginger, cloves, mace, and a grated or scraped stick of horse-radish.

Boil all together until reduced to half the original quantity. Pour into bottles, and when cold, tie down. The ketchup takes three months in bottle to mature. If used before that time it tastes crude. A more piquant sauce is obtained by increasing the proportions of spices and cayenne.

N.B.—Those of my readers who embark on these culinary preparations for the first time must remember that walnuts stain the hands badly, and they should be put into the mortar or the juice extracted by pressure with wooden spoons.

Preserving French Beans

I believe I have already, in these pages, given directions for putting down French beans as preserved for winter use by the Dutch housewives, but the demand for methods of storing vegetables is so universal that I am tempted to include it in this article.

The beans must be freshly gathered, young and tender, and perfectly dry. Arrange them in large stone jars with layers of salt between each. Cover and store in a cool place. The beans require soaking for twelve hours in cold water before they are used, after which they are cooked and served just in the same way as are the freshly-gathered vegetables.

Beetroots are always a favourite addition to a cold meat lunch, and in these strenuous days busy housewives find it more convenient to have a jar of pickled beets than to have to buy and possibly boil fresh ones each time they are wanted.

The small round beets are the nicest for this pickle; if long ones are used they should be carefully chosen with a view to straightness and similarity in size. Cook the beets from three-quarters to one and a quarter hours according to size, and when cold take off the skins, and, if necessary, divide into neat pieces. Place carefully in a jar. Make a pickle as follows :—

Proportions.—Three quarts of vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. mace, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ horse-radish stick grated. Put these ingredients into an enamel-lined pan, and let them boil for five minutes; then pour, boiling, over the beets. Some persons consider the introduction of a few small pickling onions an improvement.

Pickled Cabbage

Red cabbage is one of the nicest and easily prepared of pickles, and more closely resembles a fresh vegetable than other more highly spiced condiments. These ingredients are for one medium-sized cabbage. Remove the outer leaves, which need not be wasted, for they are delicious when boiled and mashed with vinegar, pepper and salt. Shred the cabbage very finely, taking care that there are no pieces of thick leaf core or stem. Spread on a large sieve and sprinkle thickly with salt. Put into earthenware jars. To each pint of vinegar add 1 teaspoonful peppercorns, 1 blade mace, and 6 cloves. Boil and pour, boiling, over the cabbage. A few slices of beetroot added to the cabbage will improve the colour.

A pickle of beets and cabbage makes a nice change. Take equal parts of finely-shredded red cabbage (salted and drained as for above pickle), and chopped boiled beetroots.

Make a pickling liquor of 1 pint of vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful pepper, 1 tablespoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls grated horse-radish, and a teaspoonful sugar. Boil and pour over the prepared vegetables.

It will be noticed that in several of the above pickles horse-radish is used, this being considered a digestive stimulant, which counteracts other possible unpleasantnesses from the consumption of the pickles.

Pickled Onions

Amongst the more homely pickles onions probably rank first. They are not only a delectable condiment, but are useful for adding to such winter salads as are made from endives, potatoes, beets, etc.

Choose small, round white onions, and take away the outer skins with a silver knife. Place in a stewpan with boiling water and cook until they look clear. Lift out with a drainer, and lay on a cloth. Cover with another cloth and leave till cold. Arrange in glass bottle, and fill with hot vinegar, to which peppercorns have been added.

THE NEW KIND OF WAR WEDDING

A Frank Talk about Mixed Marriages

By MARIE HARRISON

"**M**ARY'S first letter from Australia has come, and it isn't very happy. I'm afraid she's going to find life difficult." The mother sighed, and I imagined, by the distant look in her eyes, that she was visioning the lonely homestead in the Australian bush where her girl had set forth on the great adventure of marriage. And I understood.

Mary was a happy, healthy, attractive type of English girlhood. She was a capable teacher, and she had always appreciated the small pleasures of her life which she was able to earn for herself—the occasional concert, a subscription to a circulating library, trips to shopland, and simple hospitality. When she became engaged to a dashing young Australian soldier who had been invalided out of the army after the nightmare of Gallipoli everyone was glad. It was thought that Mary would be very happy. But I wondered.

The Undercurrent of Disappointment

I wonder still. I was privileged to see this first letter that came from the bride. I felt its undercurrent of sadness and disappointment. It was not that Mary was disappointed in her husband, but she was frightened and depressed by conditions so different from those which she had pictured. In fairness to the husband, I should add that he had pointed out the drawbacks of life in the bush; but Mary had just laughed and, lover-like, the man was ready enough to accept her easy assurances that all would be well.

Last year was a record year for weddings in England, and some hundreds of these marriages were between English girls and soldiers from the Dominions. I can imagine no union more likely to prove happy than one between a man who has fought valiantly for the Motherland and a warm-hearted, self-reliant English girl—when the girl knows exactly what she is doing.

The tragedy of it all is that so many English girls, in the first excitement and romance of love, do not know what they are doing. They pledge themselves to marry and to lead a life different from anything which has hitherto come within their limited experience. The fine young men from Australia who have done such great things in the war—most of them men with just those sporting qualities which appeal so forcibly to an English girl—have about them the breath of valour and of romance. The women of England, with their peculiar charm, must catch the imagination of men cut off from womanhood for so long. So it comes about very quickly that little love affairs spring up, to develop into plans for marriage. Almost before the friends of the bride realise that she is engaged comes news of the wedding date.

Why Wait?

Why wait? There are so many arguments in favour of these war weddings. The man, if free of military service, is anxious to return home and look into his affairs. If he is still on the active service list, with the possibility of having to join his regiment in France, he is naturally eager to marry the woman he loves before he returns to the battlefield with all its tragic uncertainties. And so, like the Mary of my acquaintance, hundreds of girls have hastily become the wives of overseas soldiers, and a certain proportion of them have already journeyed to the Dominions, only to discover in dismay the difficulties that lie ahead.

It is vastly different when a man and woman set out together to begin life anew far beyond the seas. They have the same hopes and the same obstacles. The man has not the defence of years of experience, and he can better understand the fears of his wife. They can fight them together. But the man who has lived long in the Dominions is apt to ignore little problems that baffle

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the English-bred girl. Such a man is used to riding over great tracts of land; he is accustomed to almost complete isolation; he knows what it is to rough it in the wild parts of the earth. He has always done it, and there does not seem anything very remarkable to him in doing it, and, with immense optimism, he feels sure that love will smooth the path and that with a little adaptability his wife will soon become as much of a settler and a pioneer as himself.

What They Forget

But he forgets, and the girl forgets, that ordinary life in England is no training for the rigorous conditions abroad. The English girl who emigrates must be able to be happy living in a shack ten miles from the nearest neighbour. She must be content without shops, theatres, picture-houses, churches. She must find in the love of her husband, in the exhilaration of work in a wonderful climate, and in the passing of the seasons with their varying charm, sufficient happiness for her daily life. She must be willing to face motherhood without the loving care of her own mother, and probably with domestic assistance of the crudest kind.

"Can I do it?" That is the question which every woman who contemplates a Colonial marriage should ponder. Life in the Dominions is never easy for women. There is always hard manual work to be done, for even wealth will not buy domestic service, and it is only the superlatively rich man who can afford to bring his family to England for a holiday every two or three years. It requires a big sense of humour and a very sunny temperament and any amount of pluck and a real simplicity of character to get through the first years of married life overseas with any degree of success.

Another Kind

There is another kind of war wedding in which infinite caution is needed. I mean those weddings which are taking place between British and Colonial soldiers on active service and French and Belgian girls. Exiled from home and with very infrequent leave, it is natural enough that some of these men should become attached to their new little friends, and there come marriages which may be happy in war-time as far as such

unions can be happy beneath the shadow of the sword, but which may or may not survive the test of peace.

The test of peace. That is what one is so likely to forget, and which one ought so clearly to remember. Marriage is not for these days of war alone. It must, at least in many cases, live far beyond the sudden shock of war, far beyond its romance. It must be able to survive the test of everyday life with everyday problems. These war marriages should be considered in the light of coming peace as well as in the clouds of battle. War bridges differences in upbringing and in environment, in temperament and religious faith. But with peace the old difficulties and the old stumbling blocks will return, and there will be no glamour of great deeds or of lofty inspiration or of an exalted patriotism to smooth the way.

Using Common Sense

It is only common sense to suggest that every girl who contemplates a marriage that will take her far away from the life which she has always led should study her future with detailed care. If she proposes to go to the Colonies she should study Colonial conditions. She should learn something about horses and farm work; she should master cooking and laundry work; she should know how to mend those little breakages in a house far from carpenters and plumbers; she should realise the value of dressmaking. And all these things can be done without going to an expensive agricultural college which trains girls for the Colonies. Many of the technical schools in London and the provinces have courses which are immensely helpful to any woman who wants to become really efficient in home-making. While such courses are not destined specifically for women who intend to emigrate they are so intensely practical that they serve the purpose as excellently.

In the midst of death we are yet in life. There is always the future to plan for, the years to come that must be cared for and safeguarded. If to the courage and romance of the new kind of war weddings are added the qualities of prudence and common sense, then indeed they should be happy and our world to-morrow will be all the better for them.



CONVERSATION CORNER

CONDUCTED BY
THE EDITOR

The Holidays

DARE I mention the word "holidays"? In official circles this year there is a decidedly more reasonable spirit in regard to the question. Not only are the people enjoying their accustomed Bank Holidays, but there is even some talk of special railway facilities to enable tired munition workers to pay a brief visit to the seaside. So, therefore, I may perhaps mention the word without apology, and add my own personal confession that I am looking forward with longing to a short spell away from the cares of the office and the noise and glare of London life.



A War-Time Compensation

WAR-TIME has its compensations, and one of them is the re-discovery of the humble bicycle. Before the war, in a desultory sort of way, I kept a cycle and enjoyed occasional spins along such of our suburban roads as are still uninjured by the treacherous tram-line. But year by year even the country lanes were becoming impossible to the cyclist by reason of the steadily increasing volume of motor traffic. Instead of the old free life of the road one spent half of one's spare time re-vaselining one's

machine in the cellar and the other half in formidable calculations involving the required capital outlay on a car, added to the hypothetical cost per mile of rubber tyres and petrol. There is no doubt that the cyclist is doomed. Sooner or later we shall all have our own cars—except those up-to-date individuals who will insist on running their own aircraft! But meanwhile there has been an unexpected pause in the onward stride of locomotion. For a few short months a respite is granted; the cyclist's Indian summer has set in, and for the further duration of the war he will have one last claim on the roads before his final extinction. Accordingly, I have furbished up my old machine, and, without troubling the war-worked railways, or drawing on the war-restricted petrol, I propose to sally forth on my cycle, to go where I list and enjoy the delights of God's earth and sky and sea.



Whither Away?

WHITHER away? I know a tract of country where one may wander through the prettiest, quaintest little villages, where one may cycle—or better still, walk—for miles in any direction without meeting a soul, where one may breathe

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the pure, invigorating air of the heights, and follow the roads made by our Roman predecessors—or even the tracks left by our ancient British forefathers. This is not some mountainous region in Northumbria, or some desert wild in Wales, but is within fifty miles of London; as primitive, quaint, healthy as anyone could desire, near to big seaside resorts, close to London, yet passed over by the majority without a thought. It is, of course, the South Downs. "The South Downs?" queried a London friend to whom I mentioned the matter. "Where is it?" He prided himself on having been all over England, Scotland, and Wales, also the Continent, but he had never heard of the South Downs!



A Cinema Film

FROM the South Downs to the Cinema is a far cry. I do not often visit the picture palace, and particularly these long summer evenings would prefer the freshness of the open sky to the closeness and darkness of the stuffy cinema. But the other day I was present—by special invitation—at the "Press view" of a new film at the Trans-Atlantic Company's place. No doubt many of my readers have seen it since then, and are familiar with the objects in furtherance of which it was produced. But for myself I had to rub my eyes to see if I were dreaming. My readers may remember that a few months ago I ventured to produce a "Special Baby Number" of THE QUIVER. Editors ought, I know, to have skins of leathery toughness, and perhaps I am more susceptible to criticism than I should be, but I can only recall with sorrow and shame the censures and ridicule that fell upon my poor devoted head for having, in the respectable pages of THE QUIVER, admitted the existence of babies, and alluded to the fact of a Birth Rate! I was sincerely sorry to have offended some of those whose opinions I most highly value, and hastened with my assurances that never again should I offend in this unbecoming manner. I particularly blushed on recalling that, with the enthusiasm that ought to have been outgrown with callow youth, I had ventured to prophesy that this would be a great question of the future, and even pictured the force and imagination of Mr. Lloyd George in advocacy of a great national "baby" movement!

The March of Time

TIME passed, and the question dropped. But imagine my astonishment when a month or two after a deputation waited upon me on behalf of "The National Baby Week Council: President, The Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George," and solicited my help in the pages of THE QUIVER! Now I must at once plead in self-defence that there is no evidence whatever that the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George had read the March issue of THE QUIVER, nor that any of the promoters of the movement had been in the least influenced by what I had said or done in the matter. Counsel for the prosecution might conceivably urge circumstantial evidence, but surely a jury of twelve liege citizens would have acquitted me honourably. However, the National Baby Week was celebrated the length and breadth of the land in the first week in July. Further, I received a communication stating that so far from it being a temporary thing, "a great and permanent national movement will be organised" on the basis of that week's campaign, under the presidency of the Prime Minister, and with most influential backing. Also I received a pressing invitation to view the film "Motherhood," which had been specially prepared in furtherance of the work.



A Dangerous Occupation

WELL, I went, I saw—and I expect you have seen it since, so I need not enter into belated descriptions. The novelty of this particular view was that not only did we see the author, Mrs. H. B. Irving, on the screen, but—in real life—in front of the screen, and heard a very charming address from her lips. Of course she made some revolutionary assertions—such as that "babies are a national asset, and they ought to be a national responsibility." But what gripped me most was this startling statement—"It is more dangerous to be a baby in England than a soldier in France." It seems that while nine soldiers died every hour in 1915, twelve babies died at home, and so Mrs. Irving claimed, "If we had taken care of our babies, we should at this moment have had another 500,000 men for our country's need." "Save the Babies," says Mr. Lloyd George.

The Editor

The Charms of South-Western Ireland for Holiday and Health



PARKNASILLA

Photo: G. F. Smith & Co., Liverpool.

WHERE is the pen that can fittingly and ably describe the loveliness, transcendent beauty, the enrapturing magnificence, the entrancing allurements, and the subtle captivation of the sylvan scenery, the romantic rusticity, the glorious mountainous magnificence, and the charming combination of waterfall, glen and seascape that spreads itself in lavish splendour as a wondrous panorama over the south-western district of "dear old Ireland"?

To think of lovely Killarney, of the sirenic charms of Glengariff, the rugged beauty of Bantry Bay, and the quiet fascination of dear little Parknasilla, nestled in the valley, is to call up in oneself a spirit of unrest, an irresistible hunger that can alone be satisfied by the resolve that the earliest opportunity shall be the occasion for a visit to this most refreshing atmosphere for the reinvigoration of soul and body and of jaded nerves.

Surely here Nature has just been allowed to have her own untrammelled and unfettered way, producing a luxuriant growth of foliage and flower, forming landscape and seascape that simply baffle and even defy description by the pen of the writer or even by the pencil of the artist.

There are in certain places lovely landscapes that give one the idea that in ages past some wondrous giant hand created an upheaval of the earth's formation, bringing into existence towering mountains, sloping hillsides, basin-like valleys, angry waterfalls, silvery streams, rushing rivulets, and tranquil lakes, and that in due course Time and Nature have together come to the healing up of the wondrous scene, covering with richest verdure and blossom, and stately timber, the crags and the crannies, the mountains and the valleys, the hill slopes and the river sides. Truly it is God's own country—so lovely is it that one is reminded of the beautiful thought expressed by the writer of the song "God's Garden"—

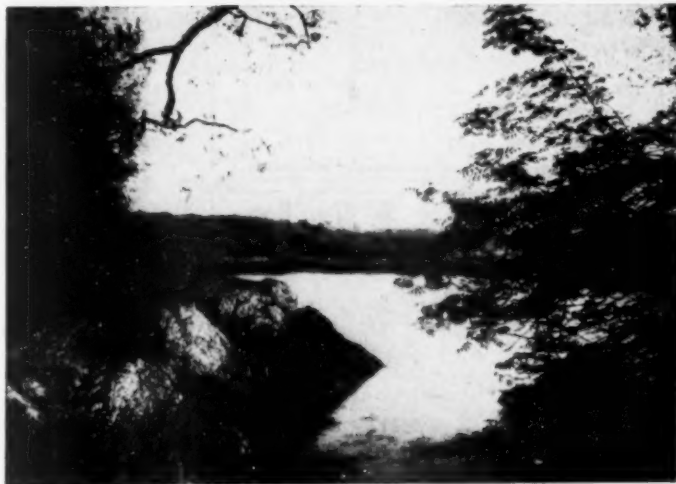
The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the bird for mirth,
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth."

To be brought into this charming vista of beauty one has but to avail oneself of the services of the Great Southern and Western Railway. The quick-running and comfortable expresses of this railway system run direct from Dublin through Cork, to Queenstown, and there are branch lines that take the traveller to Waterford, Limerick, Kerry, and the entrancing district of Killarney, Caragh, and Valentia. Happy indeed is he or she who is quietly and comfortably seated in a corner in one of these trains, bound for the beauties of this land of rest, recuperation, and delight. There scarcely can be a place more befitting for the spending of a charming quiet holiday.

Delightful trips can be made to many a charming spot.

Attractive and very interesting booklets are published for the use of intending tourists and visitors by the Great Southern and Western Railway. They can be had freely if a letter be addressed to The Tourists' Office, Kingsbridge Station, Dublin.

Now, as a peroration, let a special paean be raised to dear little Parknasilla, the most lovely part of all the district, close to the lake and surrounded by the mountains. Here is the very ideal spot to stay, where fine fishing can be enjoyed, and where are to be found all the accessories that go to make up a happy holiday sojourn.



ONE OF THE ISLANDS, PARKNASILLA

Photo: G. F. Smith & Co., Liverpool.

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Amid the many sorrows of the War the heart needs this escape from itself. Religion and Science alike urge the futility—and the hurtfulness—of grief turned in upon itself. Enervating self-pity and corroding bitterness are its common fruitage. Christ taught men to turn their sorrow into sympathy, and to transfigure their own grief by assuaging that of others.

Why not dry your own tears by turning the children's tears to smiles?

Please send a gift, however small, to the Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, or write for full particulars to

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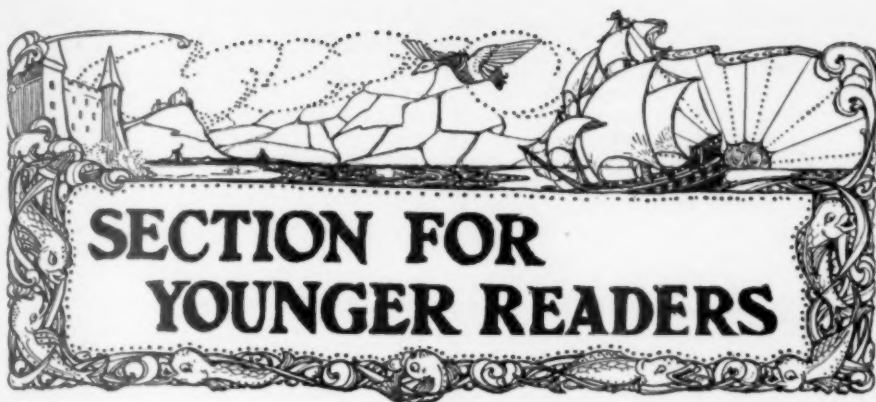
HER MOTHER SAYS

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders, and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

Tottenham, Sept. 29th. 1915.

THESE POWDERS CONTAIN

EE NO POISON. **EE**



LETTER-FRIENDS

By "DAPHNE"

BEFORE we begin our talk this month I want to tell you the result of the School Story Competition. I expect you are all eager to hear it, and wherever I put it you are sure to turn to look and see who has won the Three Guinea Prize before you read anything else, so I may as well begin with that right away.

Result of School Story Competition

First of all, let me congratulate everybody who entered for this competition. There was an almost overwhelming number of entries—indeed, for awhile I was doubtful whether I should ever finish all the reading and judging in time for the result to appear in this number of *THE QUIVER*, and nearly all the stories reached a very high level of attainment.

The **FIRST PRIZE** of Three Guineas goes to Miss **LILIAN C. WAINWRIGHT**, of Battersea, for an excellent story entitled "Mona's Sacrifice." I am sorry that there is not room to print this story in *THE QUIVER* this month.

Book prizes are awarded to the five competitors whose stories rank next in merit to the first-prize winner's:

Grace New,
Dora Barr Chapman,
Margaret MacBride Robertson,
Charles Smith Roskilly,
Sybil Mortimer.

Next in order comes the work of the following twelve writers, all of whose entries

are very good indeed, and are very highly commended:

Sona Rosa Burstein, Leslie R. H. Chapman, Gilbert Templeman, C. Milne, Freda Sharp, D. Stuart Gilchrist, Norman A. Scroton, Mary A. Faid, Frances N. M. Tall, Hilda E. Hammond, Betty Bailey, Ernest T. Ellis.

Out of several hundreds of other entries, the stories by the following competitors are selected for special commendation:

Leonard Charles Till, Alexander Dunlop, Barbara Priestman, Rose E. Mitchell, Beryl Cope, Richard D. Coleman, Helen Rose, Gwendolen Leijonufvud, Leslie A. Dinnin, Mabel Nelson, Chrissie Mills, Blodwen Lloyd, Albert James S. Brady, Cicily Hoddinott, James L. Davie, Catherine Agnes Park, Flora Findlater, Joan Lovell, Charles F. Turner, Marian Silcock, Margaret Farquhar, Katherine M. Prime, Hilda Smith, Freda Richardson, Kathleen L. B. Snow, Winifred Alice Rintoul, Jean Ramsden, Joan Webber, Gladys Ransom, Jennie Gilchrist Robb, Winifred M. Holloway, Evelyn Poyser, Margaret Ogilvie Lawler, A. Barber, John C. Flynn, Frances Hives, David K. Caldwell, Gwen Helen Roberts, Winifred M. Ridley, Grace M. Palmer, Helen Rowe, Joyce Morton George, Sylvia Crawley, Margaret Mutter, May Napier Taylor, Emily Webster, Nora Cochrane.

Don't be Down-hearted

If your name doesn't happen to be in any of the above lists, it doesn't necessarily follow that your story wasn't any good at all. Many quite excellent stories have not been able to be placed at all. This competition has been so very successful that I hope to give another story competition in a few months' time, which will give all those of you whose work has not received commendation a chance to try again.

THE QUIVER

The Photograph Competition

There were not very many entries for the Photograph Competition, and none of the entries submitted were quite deserving of the whole prize. I am dividing the Half Guinea offered between Jean Birkmyre, who takes five shillings and sixpence, and Norman Porritt and Irene Blanchard, who take half a crown each. As I think the poor entry was partly due to a misunderstanding, I am setting a photograph competition again this month, and I hope we shall have a much better entry this time.

New Competitions

The literary prize this month will be given for the best "Letter to an Unknown Correspondent." By unknown, I mean somebody whom you have never seen, and whom you only know by letter. Letters must not be more than 500 words long, and this word limit must include all addresses, etc. To the sender of the best letter the Editor is offering a prize of Half a Guinea.

Another Chance for Photographers

There will also be a prize of Half a Guinea for the best photograph sent in for competition, entitled "Holiday Time." Please put your name, age, and address on the back of the print itself, and don't enclose more than one entry. If you do you will be disqualified, so you must make up your mind before sending it in which of your two best prints stand the most chance of winning the prize.

Rules for Competitors

1. All work must be original, and in the case of literary competitions must be written upon one side of the paper only.
2. The competitor's name, age, and address must be clearly written upon each entry—not enclosed on a separate piece of paper.
3. No entries can be returned unless accompanied by fully-stamped and directed envelopes large enough to contain them.
4. All entries must be received at this office by August 20, 1917; and must be addressed "Competitions," THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4.

Friends by Post

Have you a letter-friend—that is, a friend whom you only know by post? Of course, I know you all have friends with whom you correspond regularly—or irregularly, as the case may be—friends abroad or upon active service, old school-fellows with whom you still keep up a correspondence, unwilling that they should go out of your lives altogether, different people whom you have met at some time or another, and with whom you still keep up an acquaintance by post. But have you a pen-friend, whom you have never met—someone who knows nothing about you except what you choose to tell him or her, and about whom you know nothing except from what he tells you in his letters? And if you haven't, would you like one?

The unknown has a fascination for all of us, and there is a great deal of happiness and satisfaction to be got out of a pen-friendship of this sort. Many shy, reserved people can only truly express their real feelings in their letters, and they can often express them best when their letters are directed to somebody who does not know how shy and reserved they are. "I can always write things better than I can say them," somebody said to me the other day, and I think that this is true of a great many of us. I know that it is of me.

And the Editor has given us permission to start a splendid scheme in connection with these pages, and that is a "Correspondence Column," in which will be printed, month by month, the names of those desiring a letter-friend.

Do You Want a Letter-Friend?

One or two readers have written to me asking if I can find them friends with whom they can correspond, and what I propose to do is to print the names of such readers in these pages each month. I shall not put any addresses in the magazine, but if anybody likes to write to a person whose name is given, they can do so, sending their letters to me. I shall then forward them to the person to whom they are directed, and if that person wishes to reply to any of the writers, he or she can then write to them direct, sending his or her own address. My responsibility in the matter then ceases, but I hope that many pleasant friendships may result through our Column.

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2,400 boys have joined the Royal Navy. Old boys are serving in 100 British Regiments.

Funds are Urgently Needed.

The War has meant greatly increased expenses.

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DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.



YOU NEVER CAN TELL!

At DINNER time.

When the CHILDREN

Came home from School.

And come IN

Without as much NOISE

As usual.

And wipe their boots

On the MAT.

And wash their hands

And their little faces

WITHOUT being TOLD.

And behave nicely.

And are really SWEET.

IS IT love for you,

DO YOU think?

OR IS IT because

You told them there'd be

BIRD'S Blanc-Mange

FOR DINNER?

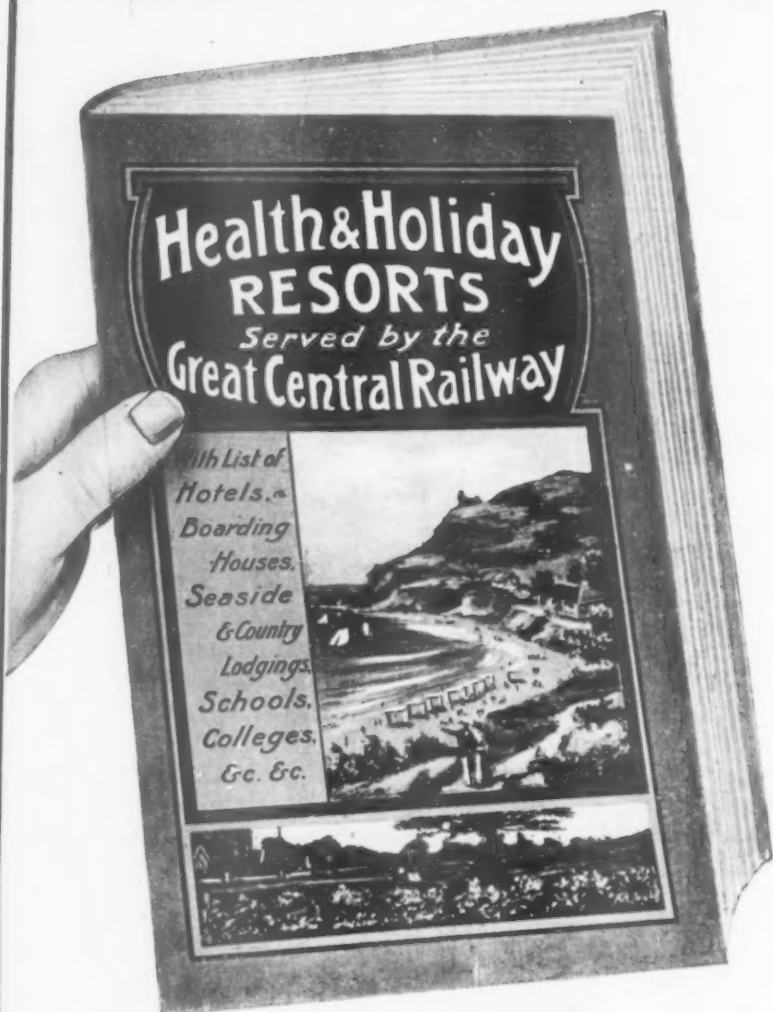
THE CHILDREN KNOW.

Always the most enjoyable dish at dinner — BIRD'S Blanc-Mange. Ask the children. They never leave any, and that shows how much they like it. BIRD'S Blanc-Mange is particularly welcome in the menu in these times, as it gives the high nutritive value of milk in a delicious form.

It can be made equally well with condensed milk, when the sugar in the recipes may be omitted.

Six different delicate flavors.

Consider Your HEALTH



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GOOD ADVICE AND USEFUL INFORMATION.

Obtainable from G.C.R. PUBLICITY DEPT.,

216 Marylebone Road, London, N.W.1.

SAM FAY, General Manager.

SECTION FOR YOUNGER READERS

Pseudonyms may be used for the purpose of advertising for correspondents; but the advertiser's real name and address must be sent in with the advertisement, and if correspondence with other readers results, all writers must undertake to give their full names and addresses to one another.

A Great Letter-Friendship

Those of you who are interested in this subject of letter-friendships should read the love-letters of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Miss Barrett's friendship with Robert Browning was begun by letter, and it was not until the two had been correspondents for some time that they first met each other. Their letters have been collected and published in book-form, and although in some ways it seems almost sacrilege to intrude upon the lovers' privacy, yet the letters are so charming and tender and beautiful, and give us such a wonderful insight into two delightful characters, that nobody who reads them can really be altogether sorry that the sacrilege was committed. I am afraid there isn't a cheap edition of these letters, but perhaps you will be able to borrow the books—they are in two volumes—from your friends, or from some public library. I hope that all of you who have the opportunity will read them. I am sure you will all be enchanted by the tender little love-story which the letters unfold.

My Letters

Now for some of my letters. First of all, I wonder whether any of you can help MARION BROOKS? Marion isn't very strong, so she is not able to do any very strenuous war-work, but she does so much want to find *something* to do. Do any of you know of any way in which she could do something to help? She would like to write to a lonely soldier, or to his wife or children; so perhaps if any of you know of anyone who is lonely and would really appreciate a correspondent, you will let me know. By the way, Marion collects stamps, and would like to hear of somebody else who collects who would exchange specimens with her.

KATHLEEN M. SMART is interested in a great many things. She is keen on gardening and cooking, interested in photography, very fond of reading and writing, and used to be a keen Girl Guide until she left

to work in a V.A.D. Hospital. EVELYN ROBERTS is also a very busy person. She works in an office from 8.30 to 6.0, and studies shorthand and music at home, so I don't think anyone can accuse her of slacking. She is fond of painting and drawing, and also of reading poetry. She recommends Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" as a good collection of poems, and I heartily endorse her recommendation.

Some Recommended Books

Angela Brazil: "The New Girl at St. Chad's," "For the Sake of the School," "The Leader of the Lower School."—Recommended by *Emily Webster*.

Angela Brazil: "The Jolliest Term on Record," "At School by the Sea," "A Fourth-Form Friendship."—Recommended by *Winifred Ward*.

Elsie Oxenham: "The Tuckshop Girl," "At School with the Roundheads."—Recommended by *Emily Webster*.

Rudyard Kipling: "Kim," "Stalky and Co."—Recommended by *Gladys Fansett*.

I hope to give a further list of recommended books next month. Meanwhile, I shall be glad to receive particulars of any books, new or old, which readers have read and liked, and are able to recommend.

Criticism of MSS.

I shall be glad to send readers detailed critiques of their stories and articles if any of them should wish it. In this case a postal order for 2s. must be enclosed, as well as a stamped addressed envelope for the return of the MS. For MSS. of 10,000 words or over 2s. 6d. must be sent, while poems will be criticised for the fee of 6d. each. Only one story or one poem can be criticised for a single fee. I cannot, of course, undertake to submit MSS. to editors, but where I think manuscripts stand a chance of acceptance, I will advise authors as to the best papers or magazines to which to send them.

What do You Think of the "Friends by Post" Idea?

I have no room for any more this month, except just to say that I hope you will all write and tell me what you think of the "Friends by Post" idea. Don't forget if you want a letter-friend to send in your name for the register, and look out for the November number of THE QUIVER, when I hope to start our new scheme.

Yours sincerely,

DAPHNE.



Patron-in-Chief:

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT

Motto: "For God and the Empire: By Love Serving One Another"

Object: The cultivation personally, and the extension in all possible ways, of the highest ideals of Citizenship, and of love and service for our Empire

MY DEAR COMPANIONS,—Our pages were just going to press last month when the postman brought me a letter from a Scottish member, which told of a piece of just the kind of practical and useful work which I had been hinting at for you. Here is a quotation from her letter. It may be suggestive to others—at least, here in the Homeland.

A New Kind of War Work

"A girl friend and I have organised a waste-paper collection (weekly) in —, and the sorting depot is our coach-house. The first collection was yesterday, and I felt rather blue at not getting with the others (our Companion was in bed with an injured knee). They had a lorry laden with hampers and nine school-boy assistants to go to the houses for paper. The badges are dark blue armlets with white edges, and the letters W. P. in white block letters sewn on them. They got a tremendous amount of waste-paper, and the sorting of it will take ages. When properly sorted it gets good prices, and the funds are to buy eggs for the wounded and materials for the junior branch War Work Party."

For August holiday folk I should think there might be many openings for help of this kind. And I shall look forward to hearing that some of you adventurous companions have been busy. Put on your thinking-caps, and confer with fathers and mothers, and go ahead! It is surprising what spice of jollity is added to a holiday when doing something for somebody is included in the programme. But you will all know that already.

Letters from Abroad

I have lately been getting rather more of the very-much-missed foreign letters. I wish you could peep over my shoulder and read them all with me. You will like quotations

from some, since you cannot get the whole. Here is one from AGNES IRVING (S. Africa).

"Your very welcome letter," she wrote, "was redirected to me, and it was waiting for me when I returned from my holidays. I am teaching in the — School. We have over 250 pupils, 193 of whom are in the Infant School. I am in charge of the 'very babies.' Those who have never been to school before. I have 68 pupils. Besides that, I take the needlework of the school from Standards I. to IV. We have only one session, from 8.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. I had a nice letter from Eileen Nelson a few weeks ago. I do enjoy her letters so much. I wish Australia were nearer. I spent my holidays in Grahamstown. We had only ten days, but I enjoyed myself thoroughly. The journey from here is simply magnificent. I have never seen such wonderful scenery. On one side of the line are high protruding mountains, and on the other side low valleys, with most beautiful ferns, etc. We have seven tunnels to go through before the top of the mountain is reached. The pass is called Montague Pass, and takes about six hours to go over. As soon as ever I get my new QUIVER I shall post my coupon to you. Thank you so much for entering me on the roll. I have belonged to the Corner for such a long time. I would not like to become estranged from it. I am collecting a War Library. I have seven books, but they are so expensive now."

I imagine that a big pile of our Jamaica letters are buried somewhere in the Atlantic. It was delightful to see one at least come safely through last week. MURIEL HARVEY, the writer, says:

"I am home for my Easter holidays at present, and return to school on Monday. — is one of the largest schools in Jamaica, and is up on the Santa Bay mountains, so we live in a lovely climate. There are 105 girls in the school at present, and perhaps more may come next term. Our head girl won the Jamaica Scholarship last year, which makes the third time that a — girl has won it. We were given a holiday in honour of the event, and many girls got up parties and went for picnics on the commons. A few girls and I went under some mango trees and spent the whole day there."



NOTICE.
NO EGGS REQUIRED.
BY ORDER.

Why use eggs for custard, particularly in these days of War-scarcity and dearthness? BIRD'S Custard differs from egg custard only in its form of nutriment. The refined albumen in which BIRD'S Custard is so rich, produces a natural digestible Custard which never disagrees.

Bird's Custard

is as delicious and refined as cream for serving with all kinds of stewed fruit. With this and every form of boiled pudding, it is delicious, and goes far to replace the War-time lack of sweetening.

Can't wear Dad's now - 'cos they won't shrink!

"Flannura"

THE UNSHRINKABLE FABRIC



an exceptionally suitable material for every kind of night and dressing room wear.

There are such pretty colourings and patterns too—ask your Draper to show them to you.

"Flannura" gives thoroughly good service and does not shrink or lose its shape. Once you buy it you will make it your favourite material for blouses, shirts, etc.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write for free patterns and name of nearest dealer to—

THE LANURA CO., Ltd.,
Wellington St., LEEDS.

LONDON Address: 62, MARGARET STREET, W.

Choicest Linens

offered at manufacturers' prices.

Beautifully patterned damasks, exquisitely embroidered bedspreads, tray cloths, toilet sets, snow-white sheets and pillow cases, woven by ROBINSON & CLEAVER at Banbridge, County Down, are all obtainable at makers' direct prices, thus saving you the middleman's profit.

TABLE LINEN.—Heavy Double Damask Table-cloths, size 2 by 2 yards, 14/11, 15/9, 17/- each; 2 by 2½ yards, 18/11, 19/9, 23/4 each; 2 by 3 yards, 22/8, 23/9, 25/6 each; 2½ by 2½ yards, 25/7, 27/3, 29/2 each; 2½ by 3 yards, 30/8, 32/8, 33/- each; 2½ by 3½ yards, 33/9, 36/1, 40/10 each. Napkins to match, size 24 by 24 inches, 21/9, 24/-, 26/- per dozen.

BED LINEN.—Linen Sheets, size 2 by 3 yards, 33/4, 37/10, 41/10 per pair; 2½ by 3 yards, 41/10, 45/4, 50/4 per pair; 2½ by 3½ yards, 48/3, 52/10, 58/8 per pair. Linen Pillow Cases, size 10 by 30 inches, 35/-, 39/10 per dozen; 12 by 32 inches, 45/6, 47/6 per dozen; 27 by 27 inches, 44/6, 49/6 per dozen. Hemstitched Linen Sheets, size 2 by 3½ yards, 47/4; 2½ by 3½ yards, 56/8 per pair.

It is permissible to write for our illustrated linen list and cuttings, sent POST FREE on request.

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The Fresh Milk Food

Next to mother's milk, Mellin's, the 'fresh milk' food, has been proved to be the best food-base for Baby.

The most eminent authorities condemn dried, peptonised, or sterilised milk.

SIR LAUDER BRUNTON, M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P., has stated that there was a consensus of opinion that in the long run sterilised milk was injurious to children, though at first it might seem to do them good.

Give Mellin's—the Fresh Milk Food—and be sure,

SAMPLE AND BOOK FREE.

A Sample of Mellin's Food and valuable Handbook for Mothers sent free on request.

Address: SAMPLE DEPT.,
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The War Loan is Closed but The Treasury

of the Protestant Truth Society remains open.

WE NEED YOUR HELP FOR OUR

- War Time Evangelism.
- War Shrine Protests.
- War Warning Publications.
- War Hospital Visitation.
- War Comforts for Troops.
- War Against Priestcraft.
- War Munition Workers' Services.
- War Literature Distribution.

THE PROTESTANT and EVANGELISTIC efforts of the PROTESTANT TRUTH SOCIETY through the Wickliffe Preachers are being widely blessed, and we desire that every reader of "The Quiver" shall share in the service. Gifts, large or small, will be welcome.

The Book Saloon of our Society helps forward the circulation of God's Word by the sale of cheap Bibles. Copies of either of the two following will be sent post free for the prices named:—

THE P.T.S. BIBLE.

This bible is printed on Opaque Paper, and bound in best French morocco Yapp, and has a five exterior portrait of St. Paul's Cathedral. The type is not dazzling to the eyes. Minion 24mo. 3s. 4d.

A SPECIAL TEACHERS' BIBLE.

Complete with Teachers' Manual, Concordance, References and Maps. Bound in French morocco, with Yapp edges. 7s. 7d.

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Made entirely from pure wool—in Leicester, England, by the world's best hosiery makers. Perfect in construction, and always leading in style. Replaced if they should shrink.

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ALL WOOL UNSHRINKABLE
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For Ladies, Children and Men

Jason "Grace" Range	...	4/-	per pair
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In case of difficulty write W. TYLER, SONS & CO., Leicester



THE LEAGUE OF YOUNG BRITISH CITIZENS

Here is part of a letter from an Australian Companion:

"THE QUIVER came this morning, but I was away at lectures all day, and did not have time to read it until this evening. Of course, the Corner was my first thought, and, Alison, I do thank you from the bottom of my heart for your message to us. We, like so many others, have felt the dark cloud caused by the war hanging over us, for the tragedy of it has come home to us personally. It is hard to speak or write of these things, as you will understand, but after months of anxious waiting we have heard that my brother, who had been reported missing for a long time, was killed in action in France. And that is why I say so earnestly, 'Thank you' for your letter to us this month (February). It was the note of personal sympathy to help us to be brave. I do feel that it is true that if every particle of self could be taken out of my sorrow then I could be glad that my brother was spared the suffering that might have been his. He went into the last fight with his mind in perfect peace as to the results. He told us in a letter written then that whether for him it was life or death, all would be well. So we know that he is with God waiting till we join him again."

PHOEBE TREMAIN (age 15) joins our membership in New South Wales. She is welcome, and I hope for a letter soon.

FRANCES ABBOTT (age 17½) and WINIFRED ABBOTT (age 14) also have their homes in that same great country.

"We have taken THE QUIVER," wrote Winifred, "for fifteen years, and for a long time have been keenly interested in the Companionship Corner, now the League of Young British Citizens (which title we like very much), and wish to become members. If you will accept us we will do our best to promote the interests of the L.Y.B.C."

A Wonderful Future

There is going to be such a wonderful future for all you dear young "Citizens" everywhere. None of the pages of your history books can picture for you anything like what has to come in the reconstruction and renewal of the world after this war. And you with other boys and girls of the world are to play your part in it all. Some of you, doubtless, leading parts. It is for us each to be and to live with absolute truthness and sincerity up to the very highest that we know *now*, and to keep eager watch ever for the Vision that may come to guide us, and to inspire our life service for others. I believe there is a Vision for each of us. But it only comes if we truly keep watch for it and live as purely and nobly as we know how. You, Companions mine, having taken the promise of our League, have specially to remember this.

"Wherever Freedom's vanguard goes,

Where stand or fall her friends or foes,

I know the place that should be mine."

You who haven't found that place will, like the fair knights of olden chivalry, watch and pray for it, won't you?

These thoughts for you flashed through my mind the other day when we in London

had that inspiring gathering of the clans of the Empire in Hyde Park. You would all hear or read something of it—the King's Investiture, in which men and women from all parts of the British Dominions assembled to see special honour paid to those—also from all parts of the Dominions—who had rendered distinguished service of special kinds. It was very touching—beautifully suggestive; and yet, do you know, I thought most of all of the Others—those who were receiving no visible honours; of the many dear boys—amongst them some of your brothers and mine—who have given to the very uttermost what Love and Duty demanded of them; of the many men and women who, in hundreds of thousands of ways, every day are bravely and finely conquering "love of self," and without honour or glory in the days here are following their Vision.

Love's Secret

All the loving service and the sacrifice that they are giving and making sound a call to us—do they not?—*to be worthy of them whom we love*, and chiefest of all, the One Who is their Leader in the Way. Someone has written that "Love's secret is to be always doing things for God, and not to mind that they are such very little things." That is a precious secret, you will find, and it is the key to the truest Beauty and Happiness. And those who find the key have to open with it all the doors of commercial and professional life, of all the international life of the world, and turn out from therein everything that mars, everything that is wrong, false and unworthy. And *then* the world will become what we long for it to be.

I must get back to that letter-box quickly, though, or the Editor's blue pencil will be required.

The first letter to hand is from a member who is busy doing "her bit." She writes:

"In your letter you asked me to give a description of a day's adventures in my life as a railway clerk. I will try to do so. I start work at 9 a.m. The first thing I do is to count my money and see that it is correct from the early morning trains. I then get the letters and correspondence from the station-master and take them to the goods office for the goods clerk to deal with. Then, for about an hour, I invoice out the trucks of coal that come from two collieries near. When I have finished this job I go up to the booking office to book two trains. One day a week cheap market tickets are issued, and then I am pretty busy. After these trains I go to my dinner, and come back to book another train. The fifty per cent. increase on fares was rather awkward when it started; a lot of people grumbled at me as though I could help it, but they have become used to it now. There are not so many people travelling now, only those that find it necessary to do so

THE QUIVER

"The afternoon I spend in doing the ledger accounts and ledger transfers both inwards and outwards; I also do the inwards abstracting and inaccuracy sheets, and many other odd jobs until tea-time. I do not go down to the goods office after tea, but total up my train book for the day. I also keep the parcels cash book, so after the parcels porter has remitted her money to me I remit both parcels and passenger to the station-master. I then dispatch the letters and clear up a bit. As I have charge of the automatic sweet machines I go and see that they are in working order, as they get blocked so easily; also that there are plenty of sweets in. At 7 p.m. I go home and work in my garden, or go for a cycle ride with my friend, as the extra hour makes this possible now. I find my work very interesting and not at all tiring. I have been doing it for over two years, so am pretty used to it."

I must confess I am glad my "war work" does not include all those accounts, EDITH! Bravo, and good success to you! Curiously, the next letter is from an Australian soldier member who was doing railway work before he came over as a soldier.

A Soldier-Member

"I was very surprised when I opened your letter . . . I was glad to hear that I was the first of the A.I.F. boys to become a member of the League. The certificate that you sent me has gone to Australia. I forwarded it to my mother for safe keeping till I return, as you know that a soldier does not like to carry much stuff with him when he is out here in France. You said that you would like to hear a little about the part of Australia that I come from. Well, it is much better than the parts of England and France that I have seen. While I was at — (an English hospital)—it was either snowing or raining all the time up to about a fortnight before I left for France. I was really glad to get away for a change! The sunny days that we are getting make one think of sunny Australia. I am from — in New South Wales. . . . Hoping to hear from you again soon."

From each of that pile of other Foreign and Homeland letters it is impossible for me to quote fully. I would, though, like to remind each writer and all of you that I delight so much in your letters, and welcome each one.

More New Members

EDITH M. WRIGLEY (age 14, I.O.M.) we must welcome as a new member; also CLIFFORD GIGGAL (age 15, Yorks). WINIFRED M. RIDLEY sends me a jolly letter:

"We have a fairly large garden—thirty fruit trees, a croquet lawn, motor shed, and quite half the garden is the vegetable part. We've planted potatoes between the fruit trees, so I hope we'll get lots of vegetables. The wood next to us is beautiful now with bluebells, and the birds sing so beautifully. I love to wander alone and listen. If only I could understand their language and find their dear little homes. But I have learned to understand a few notes, and one must be patient to find their nests. A hedge-sparrow has built her nest in the pea sticks; she is sitting on four beautiful blue-green eggs now. We have watered our garden—the vegetable part chiefly—with a garden hose, and the birds used to come near and have a refreshing bath. Some would wait until we moved with the hose to another

place, then they quickly hopped about, looking for worms, etc., on the wet soil. Good-bye! All good wishes to our Fund. Much love."

Useful Suggestions

The plan which GIRLIE BUDD has been suggesting is already being considered by another member.

"I have a tiny class at Sunday School," she writes, "and began to get them very interested in the League. I hope I shall get them to join. I am enclosing 5s. for the Fund; my only wish is that it were more; but very shortly I shall have some plants for sale, and then I shall be able to send another contribution."

BARBARA C. YOUNG remarked apropos the "challenge":

"I will make a special effort to get something done for it. I may say that my special economies are—trying to make as many of my summer things as possible; rationing myself, and not buying nearly so many sweets as I used to, and saving the money instead."

What an Adventure!

ISOBEL HARDY describes an exciting adventure a little four-year-old cousin had in Australia:

"One day his father took him out in a buggy. As they were going along they saw a cockatoo by the wayside. My uncle, thinking that the bird would amuse the little boy, went for it. When he got it, it gave a great squall, like a human being, causing the horses to run off. They ran at a great rate, and were soon lost to sight. Meanwhile the little boy had crouched at the bottom of the buggy: it was the safest place that he could have gone to, for if he had remained where he was, he would have been thrown from the buggy. The horses continued to run. At one time they bolted over a gate and ran round a cluster of trees. At last they came to a lady sitting on a veranda reading a book. She immediately caught the horses, and called to a man who was at work not very far away to come and hold them for her. My cousin then came from the buggy, and went back to meet his father. You can imagine his feelings when he saw his little boy *unhurt*."

I must not forget to tell you that Philip is well and making good progress.

"I had a letter," writes Mrs. Robson, "from his mother a few days ago. Poor woman, she wrote very sadly, as she could not, owing to her circumstances and the cost of railway fares, have her boy for the holiday this year. She was so much disappointed."

The Letter Prizes for this month go to WINIFRED M. RIDLEY (Home) and to AGNES IRVING (Foreign). I expect a very big mail this holiday month, and I do hope you all will have a lovely time.

Will I. C. S. kindly note that there is no fee for correspondents, even if they are not Companions, but a stamped envelope should be enclosed if a personal reply is wished.

Good-bye.

Your Companion
friend,

Phoon.



A Solid Beam
Quite water-tight;
Their luck they deem
Due to Fluxite.

FLUXITE

is used in the manufacture and repair of Warships, Aeroplanes, Tanks, Shells, and other munitions because it is recognised as the best material for soldering these or any other articles. Both Amateurs and Mechanics the world over will have Fluxite. It

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

Of all Ironmongers, in tins, 7d., 1/2, and 2/4

Auto-Controller Co., 228 Vicarna Road, Bermondsey, England.

HOW SOLDIERS BANISH ANY BAD FOOT TORTURES.

Harry Lauder's Practical Help to the Boys in the Trenches.

THE QUIVER readers suffering from various painful foot troubles such as aching, tenderness, callouses, corns, etc., may be interested to learn what soldiers do for these, also to stop rheumatic pains in

a few minutes, or relieve muscular soreness and stiff joints. They simply rest the feet in hot water containing about a tablespoonful of an ordinary saltrates compound, concerning which Harry Lauder recently said:—



Photo: Hana.

Harry Lauder

"Hearing Reudel Bath Saltrates mentioned as being a likely comfort for the boys in the trenches, and knowing from personal experience that it is excellent, I have sent out several packages which have been much appreciated."

Sergt. C. S. Turner, of the R.A.M.C., wrote:—"I could hardly credit the evidence of my own eyes when I saw what this remarkable natural curative water had done for 'trench foot', corns, and other very serious foot afflictions." Corp. T. S. Willburn, also of the R.A.M.C., wrote:—"For rheumatic pains I have found this medicinal salted water marvellously effective."

NOTE.—Reudel Bath Saltrates should not be confused with ordinary patent medicines, ointments, etc. It is a well-known standard compound, exactly reproducing the curative constituents of famous natural medicinal springs, and forms similar highly medicated and oxygenated water. All chemists keep this fragrant and refreshing toilet preparation ready put up in convenient half-pound packets at very reasonable cost.

Drink & Enjoy LIPTON'S TEA

**IF you want
the best Tea
go to the firm
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**LIPTON
LTD
Tea Coffee
and Cocoa
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THE QUIVER

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I must confess I am glad my "war work" does not include all those accounts, EDITH! Bravo, and good success to you! Curiously, the next letter is from an Australian soldier member who was doing railway work before he came over as a soldier.

A Soldier-Member

"I was very surprised when I opened your letter . . . I was glad to hear that I was the first of the A.I.F. boys to become a member of the League. The certificate that you sent me has gone to Australia. I forwarded it to my mother for safe keeping till I return, as you know that a soldier does not like to carry much stuff with him when he is out here in France. You said that you would like to hear a little about the part of Australia that I come from. Well, it is much better than the parts of England and France that I have seen. While I was at — (an English hospital)—it was either snowing or raining all the time up to about a fortnight before I left for France. I was really glad to get away for a change! The sunny days that we are getting make one think of sunny Australia. I am from — in New South Wales. . . . Hoping to hear from you again soon."

From each of that pile of other Foreign and Homeland letters it is impossible for me to quote fully. I would, though, like to remind each writer and all of you that I delight so much in your letters, and welcome each one.

More New Members

EDITH M. WRIGLEY (age 14, I.O.M.) we must welcome as a new member; also CLIFFORD GIGGAL (age 15, Yorks). WINIFRED M. RIDLEY sends me a jolly letter:

"We have a fairly large garden—thirty fruit trees, a croquet lawn, motor shed, and quite half the garden is the vegetable part. We've planted potatoes between the fruit trees, so I hope we'll get lots of vegetables. The wood next to us is beautiful now with bluebells, and the birds sing so beautifully. I love to wander alone and listen. If only I could understand their language and find their dear little homes. But I have learned to understand a few notes, and one must be patient to find their nests. A hedge-sparrow has built her nest in the pea sticks; she is sitting on four beautiful blue-green eggs now. We have watered our garden—the vegetable part chiefly—with a garden hose, and the birds used to come near and have a refreshing bath. Some would wait until we moved with the hose to another

place, then they quickly hopped about, looking for worms, etc., on the wet soil. Good-bye! All good wishes to our Fund. Much love."

Useful Suggestions

The plan which GIRLIE BUDD has been suggesting is already being considered by another member.

"I have a tiny class at Sunday School," she writes, "and began to get them very interested in the League. I hope I shall get them to join. I am enclosing 5s. for the Fund; my only wish is that it were more; but very shortly I shall have some plants for sale, and then I shall be able to send another contribution."

BARBARA C. YOUNG remarked apropos the "challenge":

"I will make a special effort to get something done for it. I may say that my special economies are—trying to make as many of my summer things as possible; rationing myself, and not buying nearly so many sweets as I used to, and saving the money instead."

What an Adventure!

ISOBEL HARDY describes an exciting adventure a little four-year-old cousin had in Australia:

"One day his father took him out in a buggy. As they were going along they saw a cockatoo by the wayside. My uncle, thinking that the bird would amuse the little boy, went for it. When he got it, it gave a great squall, like a human being, causing the horses to run off. They ran at a great rate, and were soon lost to sight. Meanwhile the little boy had crouched at the bottom of the buggy: it was the safest place that he could have gone to, for if he had remained where he was, he would have been thrown from the buggy. The horses continued to run. At one time they bolted over a gate and ran round a cluster of trees. At last they came to a lady sitting on a veranda reading a book. She immediately caught the horses, and called to a man who was at work not very far away to come and hold them for her. My cousin then came from the buggy, and went back to meet his father. You can imagine his feelings when he saw his little boy unhurt."

I must not forget to tell you that Philip is well and making good progress.

"I had a letter," writes Mrs. Robson, "from his mother a few days ago. Poor woman, she wrote very sadly, as she could not, owing to her circumstances and the cost of railway fares, have her boy for the holiday this year. She was so much disappointed."

The Letter Prizes for this month go to WINIFRED M. RIDLEY (Home) and to AGNES IRVING (Foreign). I expect a very big mail this holiday month, and I do hope you all will have a lovely time.

Will I. C. S. kindly note that there is no fee for correspondents, even if they are *not* Companions, but a stamped envelope should be enclosed if a personal reply is wished.

Good-bye.

Your Companion
friend,

Phoon.



A Solid Seam
Quite water-tight;
Their luck they deem
Due to Fluxite.

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is used in the manufacture and repair of Warships, Aeroplanes, Tanks, Shells, and other munitions because it is recognised as the best material for soldering these or any other articles. Both Amateurs and Mechanics the world over will have Fluxite. It

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HOW SOLDIERS BANISH ANY BAD FOOT TORTURES.

Harry Lauder's Practical Help to the Boys in the Trenches.

THE QUIVER readers suffering from various painful foot troubles such as aching, tenderness, callouses, corns, etc., may be interested to learn what soldiers do for these, also to stop rheumatic pains in

a few minutes, or relieve muscular soreness and stiff joints. They simply rest the feet in hot water containing about a tablespoonful of an ordinary saltrates compound, concerning which Harry Lauder recently said:—



Photo: Hanna.

Harry Lauder

"Hearing Reudel Bath Saltrates mentioned as being a likely comfort for the boys in the trenches, and knowing from personal experience that it is excellent, I have sent out several packages which have been much appreciated."

Sergt. C. S. Turner, of the R.A.M.C., wrote:—"I could hardly credit the evidence of my own eyes when I saw what this remarkable natural curative water

had done for 'trench foot,' corns, and other very serious foot afflictions." Corp'l. T. S. Wilburn, also of the R.A.M.C., wrote:—"For rheumatic pains I have found this medicinal saltrated water marvellously effective."

NOTE.—Reudel Bath Saltrates should not be confused with ordinary patent medicines, ointments, etc. It is a well-known standard compound, exactly reproducing the curative constituents of famous natural medicinal springs, and forms similar highly medicated and oxygenated water. All chemists keep this fragrant and refreshing toilet preparation ready put up in convenient half-pound packets at very reasonable cost.

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in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

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It is pleasant and convenient to take, gentle in action, positive in results. The safest and most reliable digestive regulator.

It is not from what a man swallows, but from what he digests, that the blood is made, and remember that the first act of digestion is, chewing the food thoroughly, and that it is only through doing so that you can reasonably expect a good digestion.

Unsuitable food and eating between meals are a main cause of indigestion, &c., because introducing a fresh mass of food into the mass already partly dissolved arrests the healthy action of the stomach, and causes the food first received to lie until incipient fermentation takes place.

A Judicious Rule.—"1st, Restrain your appetite, and get always up from table with a desire to eat more. 2nd, Do not touch anything that does not agree with your stomach, be it most agreeable to the palate." These rules have been adopted in principle by all dieticians of eminence, and we recommend their use.

"A little at the Right Time, is better than Much and Running Over at the Wrong."

ENO'S FRUIT SALT MAY NOW BE FREELY OBTAINED FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

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